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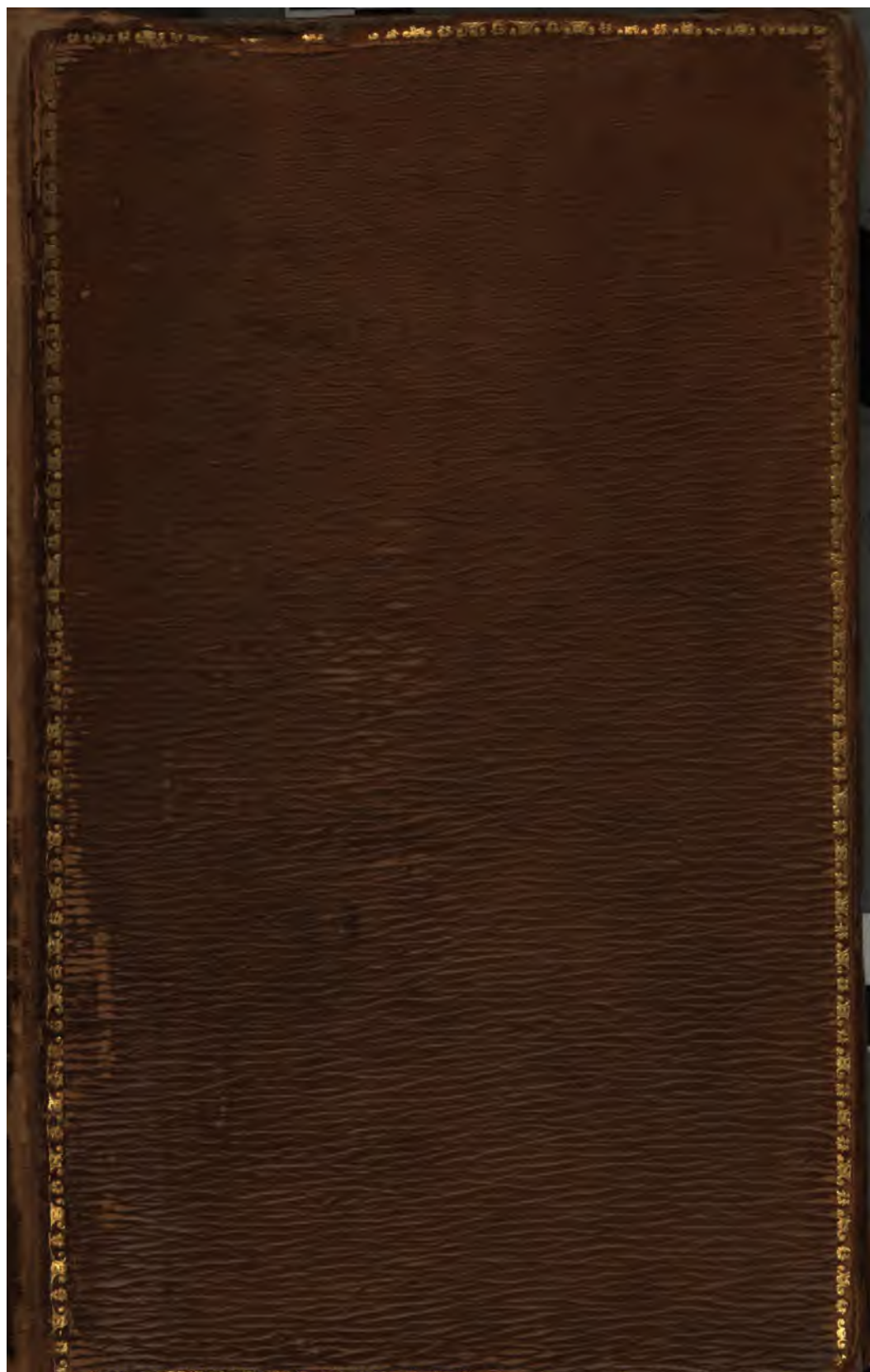
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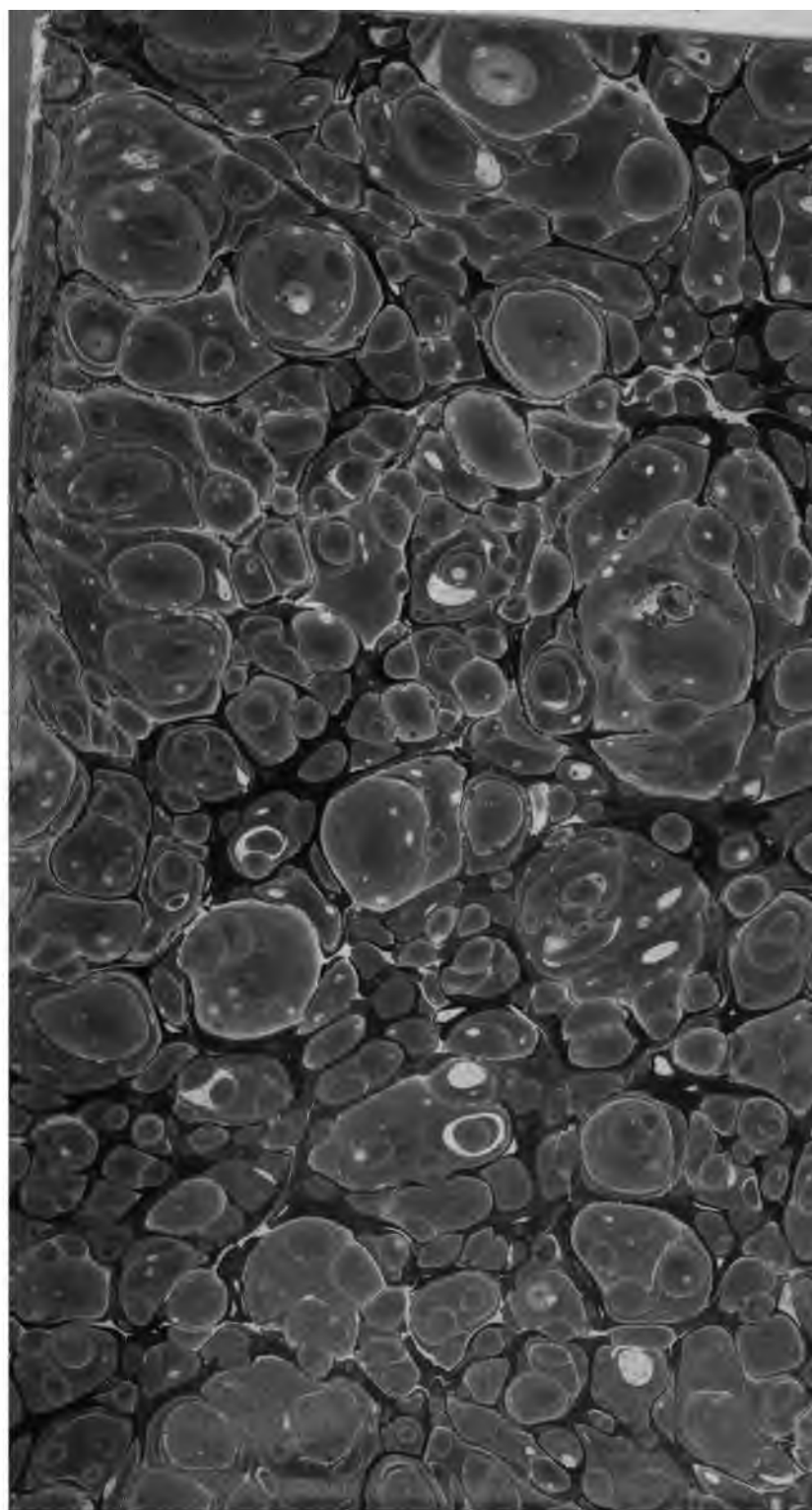
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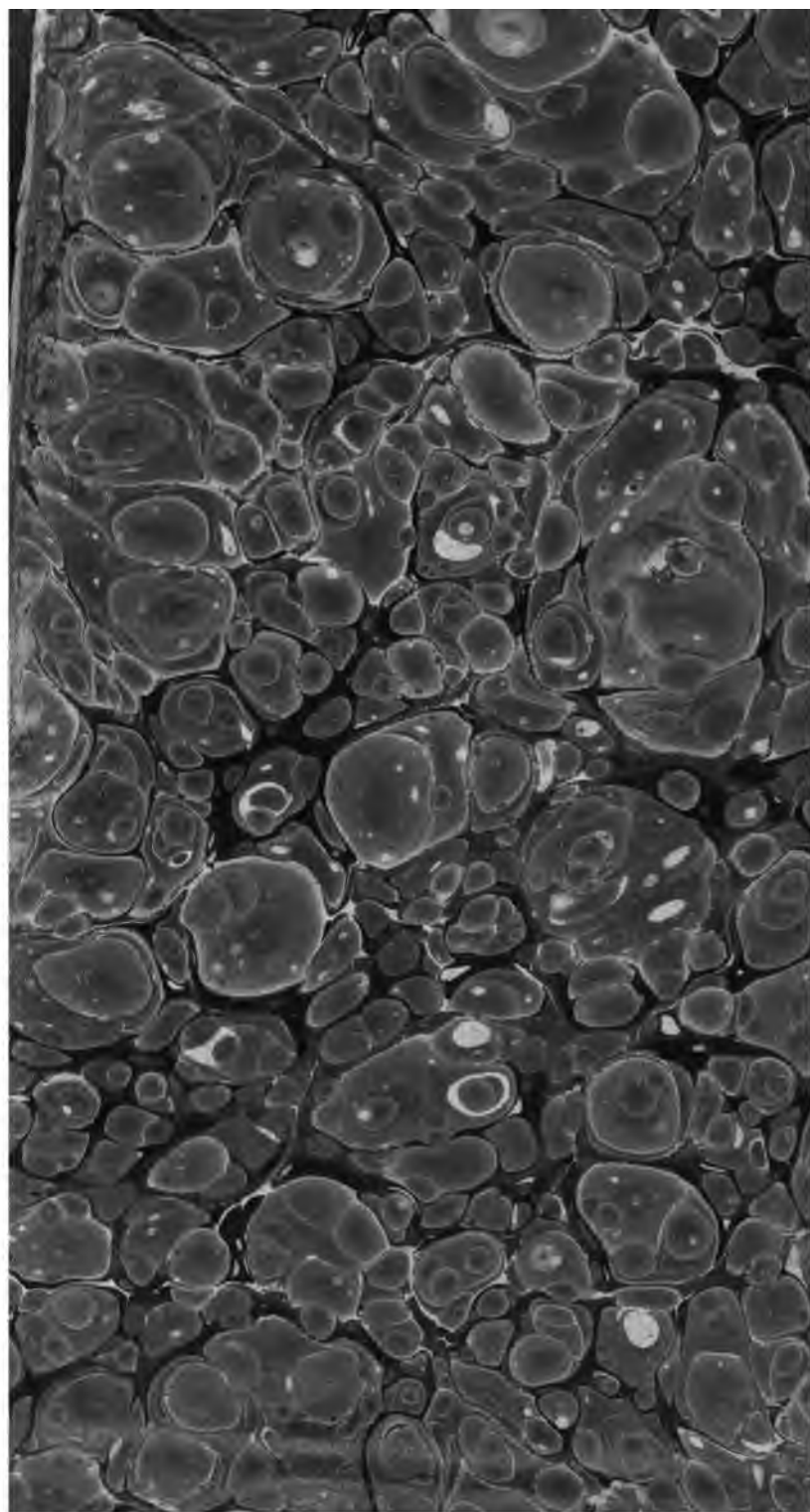


Samuel Boddington.





Samuel Boddingington.



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THE
FABLE
OF
CUPID AND PSYCHE,
Translated from the Latin of Apuleius :
TO WHICH ARE ADDED,
A POETICAL PARAPHRASE
ON THE
SPEECH OF DIOTIMA,
IN THE
BANQUET OF PLATO;
FOUR HYMNS, &c. &c.
WITH AN
INTRODUCTION,
IN WHICH THE MEANING OF THE FABLE
IS UNFOLDED.

Ἰδε με, ζωας	Λιβας ουρανια
Νοιρας ταμια	Κεχυμαι κατα γας.
Ἰδε σαι ικετιν	Παγα με δ.δου
Ψυχαν, επι γας	Οθεν εξιχυθη
Νοιραις ανοδοις	Φυγας αλητις.
Επιβαλλομεναν	

SYNESIUS.

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1795.



TO THE
PRESIDENT, COUNCIL, AND MEMBERS
OF THE
ROYAL ACADEMY,
THE FOLLOWING
TRANSLATION AND EXPLANATION
OF THE
FABLE
OF
CUPID AND PSYCHE,
WHICH HAS BEEN A FAVORITE SUBJECT
OF THE MOST EMINENT ARTISTS,
ANCIENT AND MODERN,
IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED
BY THOMAS TAYLOR.



INTRODUCTION.

THE following well-known fable is extracted from the *Metamorphoses* of Apuleius, a work replete with elegance and erudition, in which the marvellous and mystic are happily combined with historical precision, and the whole of which is composed in a style inimitably glowing and diffuse.

Its author was by birth an African, and, by profession, a Platonic philosopher. From the account which he gives of himself, it appears most probable that he lived in the times of Antoninus Pius, and his illustrious

brothers. He seems to have been very much addicted to the study of magic, but has very ably cleared himself from the accusation of practising it, which was brought against him, in an Oration, the whole of which is still extant. However, though he was a man of extraordinary abilities, and held a distinguished place among the Platonic philosophers of that period, yet he was inferior to any one of that golden race of philosophers, of which the great Plotinus stands at the head. Of the truth of this observation few indeed of the present age are likely to be convinced, from that base prejudice which has taken such deep root in the minds of men of every description, through the declamations of those literary bullies, the verbal critics, on the one hand, and the fraudulent harangues of sophistical priests on the other. Poste-

rity, however, will warmly patronize my assertion, and vindicate the honours of those venerable heroes, the latter Platonists, when *such* critics and *such* priests are covered with the shades of eternal oblivion.

The following beautiful fable, which was designed to represent the lapse of the human soul from the intelligible world to the earth, was certainly not invented by Apuleius; for, as will appear in the course of the Introduction, it is evidently alluded to by Synesius, in his book *On Dreams*, and obscurely by Plato and Plotinus. It is clear, therefore, that Plato could not derive his allusion from Apuleius; and as to Plotinus and Synesius, those who are at all acquainted with the writings of the Greek philosophers, well know that they never borrowed from Latin authors, from a just con-

viction that they had the sources of perfection among themselves.

I have said that this fable represented the lapse of the human soul; of the truth of this the philosophical reader will be convinced by the following observations: In the first place, the gods, as I have elsewhere shown, are super-essential natures, from their profound union with the first cause, who is super-essential without any addition. But though the gods, through their summits or unities, transcend essence, yet their unities are participated either by intellect alone, or by intellect and soul, or by intellect, soul, and body; from which participations the various orders of the gods are deduced. When, therefore, intellect, soul, and body are in conjunction suspended from this super-essential unity, which is the center flower or blossom of a di-

vine nature, then the god from whom they are suspended is called a mundane god. In the next place, the common parents of the human soul are the intellect and soul of the world; but its proximate parents are the intellect and soul of the particular star about which it was originally distributed, and from which it first descends. In the third place, those powers of every mundane god, which are participated by the body suspended from his nature, are called mundane; but those which are participated by his intellect, are called super-mundane; and the soul, while subsisting in union with these super-mundane powers, is said to be in the intelligible world; but when she wholly directs her attention to the mundane powers of her god, she is said to descend from the intelligible world, even while subsisting in the Heavens.

Thus much being premised, let us proceed to the explanation of the fable: Psyche, then, or soul, is described as transcendentally beautiful; and this indeed is true of every human soul, before it profoundly merges itself in the defiling folds of dark matter. In the next place, when Psyche is represented as descending from the summit of a lofty mountain into a beautiful valley, this signifies the descent of the soul from the intelligible world into a mundane condition of being, but yet without abandoning its establishment in the Heavens. Hence the palace which Psyche beholds in the valley is, with great propriety, said to be "a royal house, which was not raised by human, but by divine, hands and art." The gems, too, on which Psyche is said to have trod in every part of this palace, are evidently symbolical of the stars. Of

this mundane, yet celestial, condition of being, the incorporeal voices which attend upon Psyche are likewise symbolical: for outward discourse is the last image of intellectual energy, according to which the soul alone operates in the intelligible world. As voices, therefore, they signify an establishment subordinate to that which is intelligible, but so far as denuded of body, they also signify a condition of being superior to a terrene allotment.

Psyche, in this delightful situation, is married to an invisible being, whom she alone recognizes by her ears and hands. This invisible husband proves afterwards to be Love; that is to say, the soul, while established in the Heavens, is united with pure *desire*, (for *Love* is the same with *desire*) or, in other words, is not fascinated with

outward form. But in this beautiful palace she is attacked by the machinations of her two sisters, who endeavour to persuade her to explore the form of her unknown husband. The sisters, therefore, signify imagination and nature ; just in the same manner as reason is signified by Psyche. Their stratagems at length take effect, and Psyche beholds and falls in love with Love ; that is to say, the rational part, through the incentives of phantasy and the vegetable power, becomes united with impure or terrene desire ; for vision is symbolical of union between the perceiver and thing perceived. In consequence of this illicit perception Cupid, or *pure desire*, flies away, and Psyche, or soul, is precipitated to earth. It is remarkable that Psyche, after falling to the ground, is represented as having “ *a stumbling and often reeling gait ;*” for Plato, in the

Phædo, says, that the soul is drawn into body with a *flagging* motion.

After this commence the wanderings of Psyche, or soul, in search of Love, or pure desire, from whose embraces she is unhappily torn away. In the course of her journey she arrives at the temples of Ceres and Juno, whose aid she suppliantly implores. Her conduct, indeed, in this respect is highly becoming; for Ceres comprehends in her essence Juno, who is the fountain of souls; and the safety of the soul arises from converting herself to the divine sources of her being.

In the next place Venus is represented desiring Mercury to proclaim Psyche through all lands, as one of her female slaves that has fled from her service. It is likewise said that

she gave him a small volume, in which the name of Psyche was written, and every other particular respecting her. Now I think it cannot be doubted but that Synesius alludes to this part of the fable in the following passage from his admirable book *On Dreams** :
 “ When the soul descends spontaneously to its former life, with mercenary views, it receives servitude as the reward of its mercenary labours. But this is the design of descent, that the soul may accomplish a certain servitude to the nature of the universe, prescribed by the laws of Adrastia, or inevitable fate. Hence when the soul is fascinated with material endowments, she is similarly affected to those who, though free born, are, for

* See my History of the Restoration of the Platonic Theology, at the end of Vol. II. of Proclus on Euclid, in which a translation of the greater part of this excellent piece is given.

a certain time, hired by wages to employments, and in this condition captivated with the beauty of some female servant, determine to act in a menial capacity under the master of their beloved object. Thus, in a similar manner, when we are profoundly delighted with external and corporeal goods, we confess that the nature of matter is beautiful, who marks our assent in her secret book; *and if, considering ourselves as free, we at any time determine to depart, she proclaims us deserters, endeavours to bring us back, and openly presenting her mystic volume to the view, apprehends us as fugitives from our mistresses.* Then, indeed, the soul particularly requires fortitude and divine assistance, as it is no trifling contest to abrogate the confession and compact which she made. Besides, in this case force will be employed; for the material inflic-

ters of punishments will then be roused to revenge by the decrees of fate against the rebels to her laws."

Venus, however, must not be considered here as the nature of matter; for though she is not the celestial Venus, but the offspring of Dione, yet she is that divine power which governs all the co-ordinations in the celestial world and the earth, binds them to each other, and perfects their generative progressions through a kindred conjunction. As the celestial Venus, therefore, separates the pure soul from generation, so she that proceeds from Dione binds the impure soul, as her legitimate slave, to a corporeal life.

After this follows an account of the difficult tasks which Psyche is obliged to execute by the commands of Venus; all which are images of the

mighty toils and anxious cares which the soul must necessarily endure after her lapse, in order to atone for her guilt, and recover her ancient residence in the intelligible world. In accomplishing the last of these labours she is represented as forced to descend even to the dark regions of Hades; by which it is evident that Psyche is the image of a soul that descends to the very extremity of things, or that makes the most extended progression before it returns. But Psyche, in returning from Hades, is oppressed with a profound sleep, through indiscreetly opening the box given her by Proserpine, in which she expected to find a portion of divine beauty, but met with nothing but an infernal Stygian sleep. This obscurely signifies that the soul, by considering a corporeal life as truly beautiful, passes into a profoundly dormant state : and it ap-

pears to me that both Plato and Plotinus allude to this part of our fable in the following passages, for the originals of which I refer the reader to my Dissertation on the Eleusinian and Bacchic Mysteries, p. 10. In the first place, then, Plato, in the seventh book of his Republic, observes, that " He who is not able, by the exercise of his reason, to define the idea of *the good* separating it from all other objects, and piercing, as in a battle, through every kind of argument : endeavouring to confute, not according to opinion, but according to essence, and proceeding through all the dialectical energies with an unshaken reason, is in the present life sunk in sleep, and conversant with the delusions of dreams ; and that before he is roused to a vigilant state, *he will descend to Hades, and be overwhelmed with a sleep perfectly profound.*" And Plotinus, in

Ennead I. lib. 8, p. 80, says, "The death of the soul is, while merged, or baptized, as it were, in the present body, to descend into matter, and be filled with its impurity, and after departing from this body, to lie absorbed in its filth till it returns to a superior condition, and elevates its eye from the overwhelming mire. *For to be plunged into matter is to descend to Hades, and fall asleep.*"

Cupid, however, or pure desire, at length recovering his pristine vigor, rouses Psyche, or soul, from her deadly lethargy. In consequence of this, having accomplished her destined toils, she ascends to her native heaven, becomes lawfully united with Cupid, (for while descending her union might be called illegitimate) lives the life of the immortals; and the natural result of this union with pure desire is plea-

sure or delight. And thus much for an explanation of the fable of Cupid and Psyche. For farther particulars respecting the lapse of the soul, see my Introduction to, and Translation of, Plotinus on the Descent of the Soul, and my Dissertation on the Eleusinian and Bacchic Mysteries.

I only add, that the Paraphrase on the Speech of Diotima, the Hymns, some of which are illustrative of the Speech, and the other pieces of poetry, are added at the request of a gentleman, whose thirst after knowledge, endeavours to promote it, elegant taste, and friendship for the author, demand a panegyric executed in a more masterly manner at least, though not with greater sincerity, than by the following lines :

While some, the vilest of a puffing age,
 With fulsome adulation stain the page,
 And time's irrevocable moments waste
 In base compliance with degenerate taste,
 Rise honest muse; and to thy lib'ral lyre
 Symphonious sing what friendship shall inspire.
 Say, shall the wretch, to gain devoted, claim
 A place conspicuous 'midst the sons of fame;
 For ill-got wealth with dying accents giv'n,
 To bribe the vengeance of impartial Heav'n?
 And shall not *he* who, 'midst the din of trade,
 Has homage at the Muse's altars paid;
 Astonish'd view'd the depth of Plato's thought,
 And strove to spread the truths sublime he taught—
 Attention gain, and gratitude inspire,
 And with his worth excite the poet's fire?
 Yes, PHRONIMUS, my muse, in lib'ral lays,
 This friendly tribute to thy merit pays;
 And ardent hopes that ages yet unborn
 May see well pleas'd thy name her works adorn!

ERRATA.

**P. 65, for Chap. *VIII.*, read Chap. *X.*
79, for *Peotical*, read Poetical.**

THE
FABLE
OF
CUPID AND PSYCHE.

CHAP. I.

IN a certain city lived a king and a queen, who had three daughters of conspicuous beauty. Of these the two elder, though of the most agreeable form, were not thought too lovely to be celebrated by the praises of mankind ; but the beauty of the younger sister was so great and illustrious, that it could neither be expressed nor sufficiently praised by the poverty of human discourse. Lastly, a multitude of the citizens, and abundance of strangers, whom the rumor

of the exalted spectacle had collected together, full of ardent zeal, stupid with admiration of her inaccessible beauty, and moving their right hand to their mouths, while their fore-finger was placed on their erect thumb, venerated her with religious adorations, as if she had been the goddess Venus herself.

And now fame had pervaded the neighbouring cities and contiguous regions, and had reported that the goddess whom the azure profundity of the deep brought forth, and the dew of the foamy billows nourished, now every where exhibiting her divinity, was conversant with the midst of the people; or certainly that once more, from a new blossom of the celestial stars, not the sea, but the earth, had produced another Venus, endued with virgin-like flower. Thus opinion increased immensely every day; thus extended fame wandered over the neighbouring islands, the more distant lands, and a multitude of provinces. Now many mortals, by long journeys on the land, and over the

deep passages of the sea, came to behold the glorious specimen of the age: no one failed to Paphos, no one to Cnidus, nor even to Cythera, for the spectacle of the goddess Venus. The sacred concerns of the goddess were brought forth, her temples were deformed, her ceremonies neglected, her images uncrowned, and her desolate altars defiled with frigid ashes, while a girl was supplicated in her stead, and the divinity of so great a goddess was appeased in a human countenance; and the name of the absent Venus was propitiated in the morning progressions, victims, and banquets of the virgin. And now the people, frequently assembling in the streets, with flowers entwined in garlands, and loosely scattered, prayed to her divinity.

This immoderate translation of celestial honors to the worship of a mortal virgin inflamed the vehement mind of the true Venus; so that impatient of indignation, and raging high with her agitated head, she thus discoursed with herself:—"Behold the ancient

parent of nature, lo, the first origin of the elements ; behold the bountiful Venus of the whole universe, the honour of whose majesty is divided with a mortal girl, and whose name, raised to the heavens, is profaned by sordid terrestrials. Indeed, by sharing in common the expiations which are offered to divinity I sustain an uncertain part of deputed veneration, and a girl obnoxious to mortality bears about my celestial image. It is in vain that the shepherd, whose justice and faith the mighty Jupiter approved, preferred me to such great goddesses, on account of my illustrious form. But she who thus rejoices, whosoever she be, shall not usurp my honours ; for I will cause her to repent of this her illicit beauty." Upon this she immediately calls her son ; that winged and sufficiently rash youth, who, with his depraved manners contemning public discipline, armed with flames and arrows, running through strange houses by night, and corrupting the matrimony of all, commits such mighty wickedness with impunity, and effects nothing use-

ful and good. Him, though haughty by genuine license, she stimulates by her words : she brings him to the city and openly shews him Psyche, (for this was the name of the girl,) and having told him the whole tale concerning the emulation of her beauty, groaning and raging with indignation, " I beseech thee," says she, " by the leagues of maternal love, by the sweet wounds of thy arrow, by the mellifluous burnings of that flame, to afford thy parent full revenge, and severely punish that rebellious beauty. Above all, willingly effect this one thing, that the virgin may be detained by the love of the lowest of mankind, whom fortune has deprived of his dignity, patrimony, and safety; and so infirm that he may not find his equal in misery throughout the world." Having thus spoke, and for a long time, and closely embraced her son with ardent kisses, she sought the neighbouring coasts of the reflux shore, and with rosy feet trod on the topmost dew of the vibrating waves.

Behold now the water of the profound deep was appeased from its vertex, and the marine train which she just began to with appeared without delay, as if she had previously commanded its attendance. The daughters of Nereus were present singing chorus ; and Portumnus, rough' with his cerulean beard, and Salacia, heavy with her fishy bosom, small Palæmon, the charioteer of a dolphin, the company of Tritons every where furrowing the sea, while this softly blows his sounding shell, that with a filken covering resists the unfriendly ardor of the sun, another carries a mirror before the eyes of his mistress, and others swim under the two-yok'd car. Such was the train which attended Venus proceeding to the ocean.

In the mean time Psyche perceived no advantage to herself from her admirable beauty, she was seen by all and praised by all, yet no one, neither kings nor nobles, nor of the common people, approached as a suitor for

her possession in marriage ; they admired indeed her divine form, but they all admired it as an image artificially polished. Formerly her two sisters, whose moderate beauty had not been celebrated by mankind, being married to suitor-kings, now obtained happy nuptials; but the virgin Psyche, sitting desolate at home, lamented her deserted solitude, sick in her body and wounded in her soul ; and though pleasing to all nations, she hates her beauty in herself. But the most miserable father of the most unfortunate daughter, suspecting the celestial hatred, and fearing the wrath of the gods, questioned the most antient oracle of the Milesian god, and sought of so great a divinity, by prayers and victims, nuptials and a husband for the unbeloved virgin. Apollo therefore, though a Grecian and Ionian, on account of the builder of Milesia, gave the following oracle in Latin verse :

On some high mountain's craggy summit place
The virgin, deck'd for deadly nuptial rites;
Nor hope a son-in-law of mortal race,

But a dire mischief, viperous and fierce;
 Who flies through æther, and, with fire and sword,
 Tires and debilitates whate'er exists:
 Terrific to the powers that reign on high,
 E'en mighty Jove the wing'd destroyer dreads;
 And streams and Stygian shades abhor the pest.

The king, whose days till then had been crowned with felicity, on hearing this sacred oracle, returned slowly home, oppressed with sorrow, and disclosed to his wife the commands of unpropitious fate. Many days were passed on this occasion in grief, weeping, and lamentation: but the cruel injunctions of the dire oracle now require to be accomplished; now preparations were made for the deadly nuptials of the most miserable virgin; now the nuptial was changed into a funeral torch, and the sound of the Zygian pipe into the querulous Lydian measure. The joyful Hymeneal song closed with mournful howling, and the wretched bride wiped away her tears with her own nuptial veil. The whole city likewise lamented the sad destiny of the royal house, and public

mourning was immediately proclaimed on the occasion.

The necessity, however, of complying with the celestial mandates importunately urged the miserable Psyche to her destined punishment. The solemnities therefore of the mournful marriage being accomplished with extreme sorrow, the living funeral takes place, followed by all the people, and the weeping Psyche attends not her nuptials, but her obsequies. However, while her sorrowful parents, who were overwhelmed with such a mighty evil, endeavoured to delay the execution of the nefarious sentence, she herself exhorted them to a compliance, in the following words: " Why do you torture your unhappy old age with long-continued weeping? Why do you waste your spirits, which, indeed, are more mine than yours, with such frequent groans? Why do you deform your countenances, which in my sight are so venerable, with unavailing tears? Why do you lacerate my eyes in your

own? Why thus do you tear your hoary hairs?
 Why thus beat your venerable breasts? These
 must be the rewards which you are to receive
 of my surpassing beauty, the truth of which,
 having suffered a deadly blow from villainous
 envy, you too late perceive. Alas! then should
 you have wept and lamented, then bewailed
 me as one lost, when the people and nations
 celebrated me with divine honours, and when
 with one voice they called me a new Venus.
 I now perceive, I now clearly see, that I alone
 perish through the name of Venus. Lead me
 away, and place me on the rock to which I
 am destined by the oracle; I am in haste to
 see this my noble husband. Why do I delay?
 Why do I avoid his approach who is born for
 the destruction of the whole world?"

The virgin, having thus spoke, was silent,
 and, with undaunted steps, mingled herself
 with the pomp of the people that followed her.
 They advance to the destined rock of a lofty
 mountain, on the summit of which having left

the royal maid alone, with the nuptial torches extinguished with their tears, they returned home with dejected heads and desponding hearts: and her miserable parents, indeed, sinking under the weight of such a mighty calamity, shut up the gates of their palace, hid themselves in darkness, and abandoned themselves to a perpetual night. But the mild gales of the gently-blowing zephyr gradually raised Psyche, as she stood trembling and weeping on the summit of the rock, her garments, through the tranquil breath of the god, orbicularly expanding, and bearing her through the hollows of a valley at the bottom of the mountain, softly reclined her on the bosom of a flowery turf.

CHAP. II.

PSYCHE therefore, agreeably reclining in the flowery valley on a bed of dewy grafs, the mighty perturbation of her mind being appeased, enjoyed delightful repose. And being now sufficiently refreshed with sleep, she rose with a more composed mind, and saw a grove thick planted with vast and lofty trees, and a fountain in the middle of the grove gently falling with glassy water. Near the lapse of the fountain there was a royal house, which was not raised by human, but by divine hands and art. You might know from the very entrance of the palace that you beheld the splendid and pleasant residence of a god; for the lofty cielings, which were curiously hollowed with citron-wood and ivory, were supported by golden pillars; and all the walls were ornamented in every part with silver carving, beasts of various kinds

presenting themselves to the view in the vestibule of the palace: wonderful was the man indeed, and endued with prodigious skill, or rather, it was some demigod or god, who fashioned the silver carving with such exquisite subtilty of art.

But the very pavement itself was formed from small shells, admirably decorated with pictures of various kinds. Blessed, thrice blessed, are those who tread on gems and bracelets! The other parts too of this wide-extended and regularly-disposed palace were precious beyond all price; and the walls, being every where strengthened with bars of gold, were so refulgent with their own splendor, that even in the absence of the sun they made for the palace a day of its own; so bright were the bedchambers, the porches, and the folding-doors. The furniture too was answerable to the majesty of this abode, so that it might very properly be considered as a celestial palace, built by mighty Jupiter for his correspondence with mankind.

Pfyché, invited by the delightful aspect of the place, approached nearer, and, assuming a little more confidence, entered within the threshold of the place. Presently after, being allured by the charms of the beautiful vision, every thing she surveyed filled her with admiration: and in the more elevated part of the house she beheld a magnificent repository filled with immense riches; indeed, there is not any thing in the universe which this place does not contain. But amidst the admiration which such prodigious riches excited, this was particularly wonderful, that this treasury of the whole world was not secured by any bars, or doors, or guards.

Here, while the eyes of Pfyché were ravished with delight, a voice, denuded of its body, thus addressed her: “And why, my mistress,” it said, “are you astonished at such vast riches? All these are yours: betake yourself therefore to your bedchamber, and refresh your wearied limbs on the bed, and when you think pro-

per repair to the bath ; for we, whose voices you now hear, are your servants, who will diligently administer to all your commands, and while we wait on your person, prepare royal banquets for your repast."

Pfyché perceived the goodness of divine providence, and complying with the admonitions of the incorporeal voices, first refreshed herself with sleep, and afterwards with the bath. Immediately too, perceiving in an adjacent semicircular building, near an elevated seat, every apparatus requisite for supper, she willingly reclined herself, considering this place as accommodated to her refreshment ; and instantly nectareous wines, and numerous dishes of various kinds of food, were served in without any visible attendants, by the mere impulse of a certain spirit ; Pfyché at the same time perceiving no one, but alone hearing certain words, and having voices alone for her servants. After the table was furnished with this splendid banquet, a certain person entered, and

fang without being seen ; at the same time another invisible musician played on the harp ; and, last of all, her ears were ravished with a full chorus from an invisible band.

After these pleasures were finished, the evening now persuading to repose, Psyche retired to her bed ; and when the night was far advanced a certain gentle sound approached her ears. Then fearing for her virginity, on account of the profound solitude of the place, she trembles, and is filled with horror, and dreads that which she is ignorant of beyond any calamity. And now her unknown husband approached, ascended the bed, made her his wife, and hastily left her before the rising of the morning light. Immediately the attendant voices, who were the ministers of the bedchamber, took care of every thing necessary on the occasion. This course was continued for a long time ; the novelty, by its constant repetition, (as it was natural it should) became at last delightful ; and the sound of the uncertain voices was the solace of her solitude.

CHAP. III.

IN the mean time the parents of Psyche grew old in unwearied sorrow and lamentation ; and the report of her destiny becoming more widely extended, her elder sisters came to know all the particulars respecting it; and immediately, being overwhelmed with sorrow, hastened to the presence of their afflicted parents. On that very night the husband of Psyche thus addressed her, (for the hands and the ears were the only mediums of their present communication :)—“ Most charming Psyche, and dear wife, more cruel fortune now threatens thee with a deadly danger, which, I think, ought to be guarded against with the utmost attention : for now your sisters, who are disturbed through the belief of your death, in consequence of endeavouring to find out the place of your abode, will soon arrive at the rock on

which you were lately exposed. If you should chance to hear any of their lamentations, neither make them any reply, nor even turn your eyes towards them ; for, by doing otherwise, you will be the cause of the greatest grief to me, and of extreme destruction to yourself."

Psyche assented, and promised that she would act agreeably to her husband's desire. But as soon as he together with the night were fled, the most miserable Psyche consumed the whole day in tears and lamentations ; exclaiming that she was now entirely lost indeed, since, securely confined in a blessed prison, she was deprived of human conversation, and not permitted to give salutary assistance to her sorrowing sisters, nor even so much as to see them. Neither refreshing herself therefore with the bath, nor with food, but weeping abundantly, she retired to rest. But her husband coming more early than usual, and embracing her weeping, thus expostulated with her : " Is this, my Psyche, what you promised me ? What can I, your

husband, now expect from you? What can I now hope for, since neither by day nor by night, nor even in the midst of our conjugal embraces, you cease to be tormented with grief? But come, act now as you please, and comply with the pernicious desires of your soul; however, when you begin too late to repent of your folly, call to mind my serious admonitions."

Psyche after this had recourse to prayers, and while she threatens that she shall die if her request is denied, extorts from her husband permission to see her sisters, to assuage their grief, and enjoy their conversation. Thus he pardoned the entreaties of his new wife, and permitted her besides to present her sisters with as much gold and as many jewels as she pleased; but he again and repeatedly admonished her, with the utmost earnestness, not to be persuaded by their pernicious advice to inquire concerning the form of her husband; nor by a sacrilegious curiosity hurl herself headlong from such an

exalted fortune, and by this means deprive herself of his embraces.

She thanked her husband for his indulgence, and becoming in consequence of it more joyful ; “ but,” says she, “ may I suffer death an hundred times rather than be deprived of thy most pleasing embraces ; for I love thee most vehemently, thee, whoever thou art, even as I love my own soul, nor would I compare thee to Cupid himself. But this also, I beseech you, grant to my prayers, that your servant Zephyr may convey my sorrowful sisters in the same manner in which he brought me hither.” Then pressing his lips with persuasive kisses, murmuring alluring words, and fondly folding him in her arms, she thus addressed him in soothing accents : “ My dear husband, sweet soul of thy Psyche, be not averse to my request.” The husband reluctantly gave his consent, and promised that all things should be accomplished according to her desire ; and afterwards, in consequence of the

approach of morning, vanished from the arms of his wife.

But the sisters having inquired the way, arrived in haste at the lofty rock upon which Psyche was left abandoned, and there wept, and beat their breasts, till the rocks resounded with their repeated lamentations. And now they called on their miserable sister by her proper name, till the spreading sound of their mournful voices, gliding down the declivities of the mountain, reached the ears of Psyche, who, distracted and trembling, ran out of her palace, and thus addressed them: "Why do you in vain afflict yourself with miserable lamentations? I whom you deplore am now present; cease, therefore, your complaints, and at length dry up those tears which you have so long shed for my loss, since you may now embrace her whom you have so vehemently mourned."

Then calling Zephyr, she acquaints him

with her husband's commands, who, entirely obedient to the mandate of Cupid, brought them borne on the most gentle gales in safety to Psyche. Now they embrace and are embraced, and mingle their mutual caresses with frequent and hasty kisses; and the joy of finding her alive, after they had considered her as dead, soon put a period to their lamentations and tears. "But come," said Psyche, "enter with me my house, and recreate your afflicted mind with your Psyche." Having thus spoken, she led them into her golden palace, brought their ears acquainted with the populous family of voices that were subservient to her commands, and sumptuously refreshed them in a most beautiful bath, and with the delicacies of her immortal table. But as soon as her sisters were satiated with this affluence of celestial riches, they began to nourish envy profoundly in their hearts: and at last one of them, with a very particular and curious importunity, inquired who was the master of these

celestial possessions? and who, and what sort of a person, her husband was?

Psyche, however, by no means violated her husband's injunctions, or suffered them to depart from the secret recesses of her bosom; but feigning an account adapted to the occasion, told them that he was a beautiful youth, whose cheeks were yet only shadowed with down, and that he was, for the most part, occupied in rural employments, and in hunting on the mountains. And lest by any slip in the course of her conversation she should betray the secret advice, having loaded them with rich presents of gold and jewels, she called Zephyr, and ordered him to carry them to the lofty rock. This, being immediately accomplished, these admirable sisters, as they were returning home, burning with the rancor of increasing envy, discoursed much with each other, and at last one of them thus began: "Do but take notice how blind, cruel, and unjust fortune has proved! Were you, my sister, pleased to find

that we, though born of the same parents, should maintain such a different rank in life? We who are elder are delivered over to be servants to husbands in a foreign country, far exiled from our country and parents; but this youngest sister, the offspring of exhausted vigor, is raised to the enjoyment of this prodigious affluence, and of a god for her husband, though she does not know how to use in a proper manner such an abundance of good. You saw, sister, what a prodigious quantity of bracelets the house contained, what a number of shining garments, what bright gems, and what heaps of gold she treads upon in every part of the palace. If to all this she possesses a husband so beautiful as she asserts him to be, no one in the universe can live a happier life than herself: indeed, it may happen, through long-continued association, and corroborated affection, that her husband, who is a god, may at length make her a goddess. By Hercules it must be so, for she already conducts herself in a lofty manner; and the woman certainly

breathes the goddess who has voices for her servants, and commands even the winds themselves. But I, miserable creature, am, in the first place, tied to a husband more aged than my father; and, in the next place, to one who is balder than a gourd, and shorter than a pigmy, and who secures every part of his house with bolts and chains."

"But I," replied the other sister, "am destined to endure a husband whose body is distorted with an articular disease; and though on this account he seldom rewards my pains with conjugal embraces, yet I am forced to spend a great part of my time in rubbing his distorted fingers, which are almost hardened into stone, with fetid fomentations, defiling these delicate hands with nasty rags and stinking poultices; acting, by these means, the part of a surgeon more than that of a wife. You, indeed, my sister, seem to bear all this with a patient or rather servile soul, (for I will speak what I think without restraint;) but, for

my own part, I can no longer endure that such a blessed destiny should have fallen to one who does not deserve it. For only recollect in what a proud and arrogant manner she behaved towards us! By her boasting, and immoderate ostentation, she betrayed the haughtiness of her swelling mind; of her immense riches gave us but a very trifling part; and immediately after, being weary of our company, ordered us to be turned out of doors, and to be puffed and hissed away. But I am not a woman, nor do I breathe, if I do not hurl her headlong from such mighty possessions. And if our contumely affects you as it ought, let us both join in vigorous consultation how we may accomplish this design. In order to this, let us neither acquaint our parents nor any one else with our intention, nor inform them that we know any thing of her safety; it is sufficient that we ourselves have seen what it repents us to have seen, and let us not be the messengers of her happy condition to our parents and the people; for those are not pro-

perly blessed whose riches no one is acquainted with. She shall know that we are not servants, but her elder sisters. And now, indeed, let us depart to our husbands, and visit our own poor habitations, for such they are when compared with hers, and, being furnished with more compressed thoughts, let us return with greater firmness to the punishment of her pride."

The two wicked sisters consider this evil advice as good, and concealing the precious gifts which they had received from Psyche, disheveling their hair, tearing their faces with dissembled grief, and renewing fictitious tears, returned to their parents. These, however, the wounds of whose sorrows they had again opened by their relation, they hastily take their leave of, big with the madness of envy, and return to their own habitations, machinating nefarious guile, or rather parricide, against their innocent sister.

CHAP. IV.

IN the mean time Psyche's unknown husband again thus admonished her in his nocturnal discourses: " Do you perceive what a mighty danger fortune is preparing for you at a distance, and which, unless you are more firmly guarded against than you have hitherto been, will soon assault you near at hand ? Those perfidious she-wolves are, with mighty endeavours, forming base stratagems against you, the sum of which is, that they may persuade you to explore my countenance, which, as I have often told you, if you once see, you will see no more. If therefore those worst of forcerers come again, armed with noxious minds, (and I know they will come) avoid all discourse with them ; but if, through genuine simplicity and tenderness of disposition, you are not able to accomplish this, at least be careful

neither to hear nor answer any inquiries concerning your husband: for now we shall have a family of our own, and thy as yet infantine womb is now pregnant with an infant, who, if you conceal my secrets in silence, will be divine, but if you prophane them, will be mortal."

Psyche rejoiced in the consoling thoughts of a divine offspring, and was elated with the glory which would result from her future pledge, and with the dignity of a maternal name. She therefore anxiously numbered the increasing days and departing months, and being ignorant in every thing relative to conception, wondered how her wealthy womb could receive such an abundant increase.

But now those pefts, and most cruel furies her sisters breathing viperous virulence, and hastening their departure, failed with impious celerity. Then again the momentary husband thus admonished his Psyche:—"The last day, and the most extreme misfortune are now ar-

rived. The malicious sex and hostile blood have taken arms, removed their camp, drawn the army into battle array, and sounded the charge. Now thy nefarious sisters are aiming with a drawn sword at thy throat. Alas! most dear Psyche, what mighty calamities now press upon us? Take pity, both on yourself and me! and by a religious continence of tongue, deliver your house, your husband, yourself, and our little one from the misfortune of impending ruin. Neither see, nor hear those wicked women, who, after the deadly hatred which they have conceived against thee, and having trampled on the ties of blood, deserve not to be called sisters, when like the Syrens standing on the mountain, they shall make the rocks resound with their deadly voices."

Psyche, in words interrupted by sighs and tears, thus replied:—"You have for some time had convincing proofs of my fidelity and taciturnity; and the strength of my mind shall

be no less approved by you in the present instance. Only order Zephyr to repeat his former office, and at least grant me the sight of my sisters, since I am not permitted to behold thy sacred image. By thy fragrant and every way pendulous locks! By thy cheeks tender, smooth, and like my own! By thy breast glowing with I know not what kind of heat! By my hopes of at least knowing thy face in this little one, I beseech thee to comply with the pious prayers of thy suppliant, indulge me in the desired embraces of my sister, and recreate with joy the soul of Psyche who is devoted to thy will; for then I shall no longer be anxious to explore thy countenance. Now nothing can hinder me from thy embrace, not even the darkness of night; for I hold thee my life in my arms."

The husband being fascinated by these words, and by her soft embraces, wiped away her tears with his fragrant locks, assured her that her

desires should be fulfilled, and immediately anticipated the light of the emerging day.

But the two sisters, who were confederates in mischief, without calling on their parents, direct their course with precipitate velocity from the ships to the rock, and not waiting for the assistance of the elevating wind, leap on high, with licentious temerity. Zephyr, however, not unmindful of the royal mandate, though unwilling to execute it, restored them, reclining on the bosom of the gently-blowing gales, to the appointed place. Then with feet equally rapid, they enter the palace, concealing the foe under the name of sister, embrace their prey, and veiling a treasury of profoundly hidden fraud under a joyful countenance, thus flattered her: "Psyche, not now so slender as you was before, since you are now almost a mother, what mighty good do you think you bear for us in your womb! With what prodigious joy will you exhilarate the whole of our house! O how happy shall we be through the

nurture of the golden infant, who if he corresponds in beauty as he ought to do to his parents, will be born a perfect Cupid."

Thus by a dissembled affection they gradually invade the soul of their sister, who, as soon as they had refreshed themselves from the fatigue of their journey with warm baths, regaled them on a couch in a most splendid manner, with all the dainties of a royal banquet. She ordered a harp to speak, and some one immediately sang to its harmony; flutes to be blown, and they immediately sounded; a musical band to sing in chorus, and it instantly sang; and though invisible, ravished the souls of the hearers with the most mellifluous notes.

But the malice of these wicked women was not softened by the honeyed sweetness of the music; but turning their discourse to the destined fraudulent snares, they begin in a dissembling manner to inquire what sort of a person she was married to, and from what family

he was descended. Then she, through her too great simplicity, having forgot the former account which she had given of her husband, invented a new story respecting him. She told them that her husband was of the next province; that he carried on a trade with abundance of money; and that he was now of a middle age, a gray hair being here and there scattered on his head: and without prolonging any further the discourse, she again committed them to the charge of the winds, after she had loaded them with costly presents. But while they return home sublimely riding on the tranquil breath of Zephyr, they thus discoursed with each other:—"What can we say, sister, of the monstrous lies of that foolish creature? At one time, her husband is a young man, with the down just beginning to spread over his chin, and at another time he is of a middle age, shining with hoary hairs! Who can this be, that in a short space of time, experiences the alteration of a sudden old age? You may depend upon it, my sister, that this vile woman

either forged this lie to deceive us, or that she does not herself know the form of her husband. But which ever of these is the case, she must be deprived of these riches with the utmost expedition. Indeed, if she is really ignorant of the form of her husband, she must have married a god, and through this pregnancy of her's, she will present us with a god. However, should she happen to be the mother of a divine offspring, which heaven forbid! I should immediately hang myself. Let us therefore in the mean time return to our parents, and by a well-coloured deceit, prevent them from apprehending our design."

The sisters thus enflamed, having called on their parents in a hasty manner, and passed through a night of interrupted sleep, fly as soon as it was morning to the rock, and by the usual vehicle of the wind descend rapidly down to Psyche, whom with forced tears, they thus craftily addressed: "Happy in your own imagination, and blessed only in your ignorance of

evil, you sit here inattentive to your own danger. But we who watch over your affairs with a vigilant care, are miserably tormented at your lost condition. For by diligent search we have discovered (nor can we conceal from you the cause of our mutual grief, and your own misfortune) that a vast serpent who glides along the plain in various volumes, whose neck is swollen with noxious poison, and whose mouth widely gapes through profound gluttony, secretly sleeps with you by night. Now call to mind the Pythian oracle, which declared that you was destined to marry a fierce and terrible beast: and many of the inhabitants of this place, who hunt all round the country, have observed him returning home from his prey in the evening, and gliding through the shallows of the neighbouring river. These declare, that he will not long feast you with delicious delicacies, but that as soon as a full womb shall have given maturity to your pregnancy, he will then devour you as a richer morsel. So that you have only to consider whether you will

comply with the desires of your sisters, who are anxious for your dear preservation, and, avoiding death, live with us secure from danger, or be buried in the bowels of a most cruel beast. But if you are wedded to the vocal solitude of this country retreat, or to the filthy and dangerous enjoyment of clandestine venery, and the embraces of a poisoned serpent, we have at least acted like pious sisters in thus admonishing you of your danger."

Then the miserable Psyche, as being full of simplicity, and of a pliant disposition, is seized with terror at the dire relation, and being thus quite beside herself, loses the remembrance of all her husband's admonitions and her own promises, and hurls herself headlong into a profound abyss of calamity. Trembling, therefore, and pale, and with an almost lifeless voice, she thus addressed them, in broken words:—" You, indeed, most dear sisters, have acted, as it was proper you should, with becoming piety towards me: and it appears to me that

those who gave you this information did not invent a lie ; for I have never yet beheld my husband's face, nor do I know who or what he is ; but only hearing him by night, I endure a husband of an uncertain condition, and one that perpetually avoids the light of day. I am therefore of your opinion, that he is some monstrous beast, who always terrifies me from attempting to behold him, and threatens some prodigious evil as the consequence of curiosity respecting his countenance. Now, therefore, if you are able to give any salutary assistance to your sister, who is thus dangerously situated, defer it not for a moment."

These wicked women, having thus found an avenue to their pernicious design, by a full discovery of their sister's condition, laying aside the concealments of covered artifice, invade the trembling thoughts of the simple girl with the drawn sword of deception. At length, therefore, one of them thus began: " Since the ties of blood oblige us to have no fear of danger

before our eyes in the pursuit of your safety, we will discover to you the only way which leads to your preservation, and which has been the result of long-continued cogitation. Secretly conceal a very sharp razor, which has been perfectly well set, in that part of the bed on which you are accustomed to lie ; provide likewise an elegant lamp, full of oil and shining with a splendid light. Hide this lamp in some part of the enclosing tapestry ; and, having acted with the utmost secrecy in these preparations, as soon as with furrowed steps he ascends the accustomed bed, is stretched at length, and held fast in the fetters of his first and soundest sleep, then silently leaving the bed, and tripping along softly with naked feet, free the lamp from its dark concealment, take advantage of its light to accomplish your illustrious undertaking, and, with a bold heart, elevated right hand, and strenuous exertion, cut off the head of the noxious serpent : nor shall our assistance be wanting to you in this affair ; but we shall wait near with impatient anxiety till you have

procured your own safety by his death ; and then bringing away with you all your invifible attendants, we will join you, who are a woman, in votive nuptials to a man."

With fuch pernicious difcourfe having inflamed the bofom of their now perfectly ardent fifter, they left her, fearing in the higheft degree the very confines of fuch a mighty evil ; and by the wonted impulfe of the winged gale, being raifed on the rock, immediately hurl themfelves from thence with rapid flight, and having afcended the fhips, depart to their refpective habitations.

CHAP. V.

BUT Psyche, being left alone, if she can be said to be alone who is hurried along by pernicious furies, is tossed with sorrow like a raging sea, and though her designs were fixed, and her mind was obstinately bent to accomplish what she designed, yet now she was beginning to apply her hands to the impious work, she staggers with uncertain determinations, and is distracted with the apprehension of her approaching calamities. She is now full of speed, then dilatory ; now bold, then fearful ; now diffident, then angry ; and what is most wonderful of all, in the same body she loves the husband and hates the beast. However, as soon as the evening drew on the night, she prepares with precipitate haste the instruments of her nefarious enterprize.

The night came; the husband was present; and after the first embraces he fell into a profound sleep. Then Psyche, who was otherwise of an imbecile body and mind, yet the cruelty of fate assisting her is now corroborated: hence, taking out the lamp, and snatching the razor, her boldness transformed her sex. But as soon as by the light of the lamp the secrets of the bed stood revealed, she saw the most mild and sweet of all wild beasts, even the beautiful god Cupid himself, most beautifully lying on the bed; by whose aspect the lamp itself participated of hilarity, and the razor repented itself of its sacrilegious edge.

But Psyche, terrified at the amazingly beautiful countenance of the god, impotent of mind, sinking through deadly paleness, and trembling, fell on her knees, and could not tell where so properly to hide the steel as in her own bosom, which indeed she would have done, had not the razor, afraid of a crime so prodigious, fled just then out of her rash hand. And now, as

she kneels weary on the ground, by often beholding the beauty of his divine countenance, she finds herself refreshed. She sees the genial locks of his golden head largely anointed with ambrosia; the ringlets, gracefully entangled, wandering over his milky neck and purple cheeks, some pendulous before and some behind, by whose excessive radiance the very light of the lamp shone with a wavering splendor. On the shoulders of the volatile god, wings of a shining whiteness were seen; and though they were not in motion, yet the outward tender and delicate down, tremulously rebounding, was unquietly wanton. The rest of his body was smooth and elegant, and such as Venus did not repent of bringing forth. At the foot of the bed lay his bow, his quiver, and his arrows, the propitious weapons of the mighty god.

These while Psyche with an insatiable mind handles, and explores with eager curiosity, and admires her husband's arms, she draws out of

the quiver one of the arrows, and with the tip of her finger touching the point to try its sharpness, by the bold pressure of her trembling hand she pierced the flesh so deep, that some small drops of rosy blood spread themselves with dewy sprinkling on her skin; and thus ignorant Psyche voluntarily fell in love with LOVE. Then burning more and more with the desire of Cupid, gazing on his face with insatiable eyes, and multiplying petulant kisses, her only fear was lest he should wake too soon.

But while astonished through such a mighty good her wounded mind fluctuates, the lamp, whether through vile perfidy or noxious envy, or whether it longed to touch, and, as it were, kiss such a beautiful body, threw out a drop of boiling oil from the summit of its light on the right shoulder of the god. Strange, O bold and rash lamp, and vile servant of love, that thou shouldst burn the very god of all fire, though some lover first invented thee, that he might for a longer time enjoy by night the ob-

ject of his desire. The god thus burnt, leaped from the bed, and seeing the evidence of forfeited fidelity, silently flew away from the eyes and hands of his most unhappy wife. But Psyche immediately with both her hands caught hold of his right leg as he was mounting, being the miserable appendix of his sublime flight through the cloudy regions, till at length, through weariness, she fell to the ground.

CHAP. VI.

HER lover god, however, not yet deserting her, as she lay on the ground, flew to a neighbouring cypress tree, and being feverely agitated, thus spoke to her from its lofty top :—
 “ Most simple Psyche, I, unmindful of the commands of my mother Venus, who ordered me to cause you to be enamoured with some miserable and mean son of the vulgar, chose rather to fly to you as a lover myself. I know that I have acted in this respect lightly, and I, who am so excellent an archer, have wounded myself, with my own arrow, and have made you my wife, that I might, it seems, be considered by you as a beast, and that you might cut off my head, which bears those very eyes by which you are beloved. This was the danger I so often warned you to beware of; this was the mischief I so benevolently admonished

you to confider. But thofe egregious counfel-
 lers of yours fhall fpeedily fuffer from me the
 punifhment of fuch pernicious advice ; while
 you I fhall only punifh by my flight." Thus
 fpake Cupid, and with the conclufion of his
 fpeech fprang with his pinions on high.

But Psyche lay prostrate on the ground, ga-
 zing on her foaring husband, as long as he re-
 mained in fight, and afflicting herfelf with
 lamentations in the extreme. But when, by
 the rowing of his wings, diftance had rendered
 him invifible, ſhe threw herfelf from the bank
 of the next river headlong into its fream.
 The gentle river, however, in honor of the
 god, who ufed to burn the waters themfelves,
 and fearing for himfelf, immediately on the
 back of an innoxious wave delivered her fafe
 to the flowery bank.

It happened at that time that the rural god
 Pan fat on the margin of the river, embracing

the goddess Canna*, and teaching her to sing in all manner of gentle strains. Near them a wanton herd of kids brouzed on the grassy bank. The shagged god, who was not ignorant of the misfortune of Psyche, called her gently to him, and thus allured her in soothing language :—" Most elegant girl, I am indeed a rural person, and a shepherd, but through the benefit of an extended old age, I have acquired abundance of experience ; and if I rightly conjecture, since prudent men boast the power of divination, from your stumbling and often reeling gait, from the extreme paleness of your countenance, from your perpetual sighing and sorrowful eyes, you labor under an excess of love. Listen therefore to me, attempt no more to drown yourself, or to put an end to your existence by calling any other kind of death to your assistance ; but cease to grieve, lay aside your sorrow, and rather by prayers worship Cupid, the greatest of the gods, and

* This alludes to the well-known fable of Syrinx and Pan.

strive to please him by bland obsequiousness, as he is a delicate and luxurious youth."

The pastoral god having thus spoken, Psyche made no reply, but, adoring the salutary divinity, departed from the place. But before she had travelled far, with painful steps pursuing an unknown path, she drew near to a city in which the husband of one of her sisters was king. This as soon as she understood, she desired that her arrival might be announced to her sister. Psyche was accordingly introduced to her, and when the embraces of mutual salutation were over, to her sister inquiring the cause of her visit, she thus began: — "You doubtless remember the advice you gave me, I mean that I should destroy with a razor the beast that lay with me under the name of a husband, before through voracious gluttony he destroyed me: but soon as by means of the conscious light I beheld his countenance, I saw a spectacle perfectly wonderful and divine, the very son himself of the goddess Venus, Cupid.

himself; I say, sunk in gentle sleep. And while struck with astonishment at the sight of such a mighty good, and disturbed through too great an abundance of pleasure, I laboured under the want of enjoyment, by a most dire misfortune, the boiling oil bubbled to the summit of the lamp and leaped on the shoulder of the god. Being immediately awakened by the pain, when he beheld me armed with the weapon and the light, 'From whence,' said he, 'proceeds this dire wickedness of thine? Immediately quit my bed, and depart from my sight: I will now immediately join myself in marriage to your sister,' (mentioning you expressly by name,) and then he ordered Zephyr to blow me beyond the boundaries of his habitation."

Psyche had scarcely ended her relation, when the sister, agitated by the incentives of lust and baneful envy, having deceived her husband by a preconcerted fiction respecting the death of her parents, immediately set sail for the rock on

which Psyche had been exposed ; and though another wind then blowed, yet, elated with blind hope, she exclaimed, “ Receive me, Cupid, a wife worthy thy embraces ; and thou, Zephyr, receive thy mistress.” Then leaping up as high as she was able, she fell headlong from the mountain, unable even when dead to arrive at the palace of Cupid ; for her limbs were torn in pieces by the rocks as she fell, and her bowels became, as they deserved to be, food for birds and beasts of prey. Nor was the vengeance which remained to be inflicted slow in its approaches : for Psyche with wandering steps arrived at another city, where her other sister reigned, who, deceived and sinning in the same manner, hastened to the rock, and died in the same manner as her sister had done before.

CHAP. VII.

IN the mean time, while Psyche wandered over various realms anxiously searching after Cupid, he, through the pain of the wound from the lamp, lay groaning in the bedchamber of his mother. Then that extremely white bird, the sea-gull, who swims with his wings on the waves of the sea, hastily merged himself in the profound bosom of the ocean. There placing himself near Venus as she was bathing and swimming, he informed her that her son was severely burnt, that he was groaning with the pain of the wound, and that his cure was doubtful ; that besides this the whole family of Venus was every where reviled ; in the first place Cupid, because he had retired to a mountain in order to have illicit connection with a girl, and in the next place, said he, yourself, by thus withdrawing to swim in the

sea. Hence it is said, continued the bird, that there is no longer any pleasure, elegance, and festivity to be found, but that every thing is inelegant, rustic, and horrid; that nuptial ties, social friendships, and love of children are no more, but in their place have succeeded enormous filth, and the bitter loathing of fordid compacts. Thus did this loquacious and impertinent bird defame the son of Venus by muttering scandal in her ear.

But Venus being enraged at the information, suddenly exclaimed in a firm tone of voice, "So then this hopeful son of mine has got a mistress! Come, tell me, thou who alone dost serve me with affection, tell me the name of her who has solicited the ingenuous and naked boy, and whether she is one of the tribes of nymphs, or of the number of the goddesses, or of the choir of the Muses, or belonging to my train of the Graces?" The loquacious bird was not silent: "But, my mistress," said he, "I am not certain, though if I well remem-

ber, he is said to have been vehemently in love with a girl whose name is Psyche." Then Venus, being indignant, exclaimed, " Does he then love her who is the rival of my beauty, and who is emulous of my name? and does he mean to make me, who first brought him to the knowledge of her, act the part of a bawd?"

Thus complaining, she immediately emerged from the sea, and hastened to her golden bedchamber, where she found her son sick, as she had been told, and so vehemently raving through the pain, that she heard him before she reached the doors. " This is fine conduct indeed," said she, " and very agreeable to *our* dignified birth and *your* temperance. In the first place, that you should trample on the precepts of your mistress and mother, and so far from tormenting my enemy with sordid love, take her to your licentious and immature embraces, on purpose that I might suffer the indignity of having my enemy for my daughter-in-law. Doubtless thou dost presume, thou

trifler, corrupted and unbeloved boy, that I am too old to have another son. Know therefore that I will beget another son much better than thou art ; or rather, that you may be more sensible of the disgrace, I will adopt one of my little slaves, and on him will I bestow those wings and flames, that bow, and those arrows, and all my furniture, which I gave you for purposes very different from those: for you received no part of this apparatus from your father's possessions. But thou hast been of a perverse disposition from thy very childhood ; hence it is that thou hast so often struck thy elders, and even thy mother herself, even me, thou parricide. Besides, you despise me as if I were a widow ; nor are you afraid of your valiant father-in-law, the mighty warrior god, whom, to my torment, you have supplied with many a virgin : but I shall take care to make you repent of this frolicksome trick of yours, and render your nuptials sharp and bitter.

“ However, being thus derided, what shall

I do? Where shall I betake myself? How shall I punish that little deceiver? Shall I solicit assistance of my enemy Sobriety, whom I have so often offended through the luxury of this fraudulent boy? Must I have recourse to that rustic and filthy woman? I abhor the very thought; yet the consolation of revenge is not to be despised; I must therefore apply to her, and to her alone, for she will most severely chastise this trifler; she will rattle his quiver, disarm his arrows, unbend his bow, extinguish his torch, and punish his body with still sharper remedies. Then I shall believe atonement has been made for the injury I have received, when I have shaved off those locks, which with these hands of mine I have so often bound with a golden bandage, and cut off those pinions, which I have dyed in that nectareous fountain my bosom."

Having thus given vent to her passion, full of venereal bile, she rushed impetuously out of doors. But Ceres and Juno immediately at-

tended her, and perceiving her angry countenance, asked her why she did so great an injury to the gracefulness of her sparkling eyes, by such a fullen contraction of her brows? To whom Venus thus replied :—" You are come very opportunely to be the executioners of that violence which has taken possession of my ardent breast. I beg therefore that, with the utmost care and diligence, you will inquire after the fugitive Psyche, for the infamous report respecting my house, and the conduct of my unworthy son, cannot be unknown to you."

Then the two goddesses, being ignorant of what had happened, thus endeavoured to mitigate the raging anger of Venus: " What offence has your son committed, that you so violently oppose his pleasures, and are impatient to destroy her whom he loves? What crime, we beseech you, can he be charged with in loving without restraint a beautiful virgin? Can you be ignorant of his sex and youth? Or have you indeed forgot how old he is?

What, because he carries his years elegantly, would you always consider him as a boy? Is it possible that you who are his mother, and besides this a woman of understanding, can be determined always to pry inquisitively into his sport, blame his luxury and amours, and reprobate in your beautiful son your own arts and delights? But what god or man will suffer you to disseminate every where among the people amorous desires, when you restrain the gallantry of your own house, and thus shut up the public shop of female vices?" The fear of his darts induced them to pay this flattery to absent Cupid in a gracious patronage of his cause. But Venus, indignant that her injuries were thus ridiculously treated, with haughty mien and hasty step passed on to the ocean,

CHAP. VIII.

IN the mean time Psyche was driven about from place to place, variously wandering, and with restless mind enquiring after her husband, her desire of finding him increasing in proportion to the difficulty of the search ; for though she had incurred his anger, she hoped she should be able to appease him by suppliant prayers, if she could not allure him by the tender blandishments of a wife. Perceiving therefore a temple on the summit of a lofty mountain, “ How can I tell,” said she, “ but this may be the residence of my lord ; and immediately she directed her hasty steps thither, incited by hope and desire, though spent with unceasing toil. And now having gained the highest ridges of the mountain, she enters the temple, in which she saw ears of corn, some of which lay in a heap, some were twisted

into garlands, and some were mingled with ears of barley. Here likewise were scythes and all the instruments of harvest, but scattered in a confused and careless manner, and thrown, as is usually the case in the heat of summer, out of the weary hands of the reapers.

Psyche, on seeing this confusion, curiously separated the mingled heaps, and properly arranged them when separated, believing that she ought not to neglect the temples and ceremonies of any divinity, but that she should implore the benevolent pity of all the gods. The bountiful Ceres, whose temple this was, finds her thus anxiously and sedulously employed, and addresses her at a distance as follows:—"Alas! miserable Psyche, Venus, full of rage and indignation, inquires after thy footsteps with anxious search, dooms thee to the most severe punishment, and importunately demands revenge with all the powers of her divinity. Can'st thou therefore now busy thy-

self about my affairs, or think of any thing else but thy own safety ?”

Then Psyche, throwing herself at the feet of the goddess, watering them with abundant weeping, and fweeping the ground with her dishevelled locks, entreated pardon of her divinity with numerous prayers. “ I beseech thee,” says she, “ by thy fruit-bearing right hand, by the joyful ceremonies of harvests, by the occult sacred concerns of the cistæ, by the winged car of thy ministrant dragons, the furrows of the Sicilian soil, the rapacious chariot, and the detaining earth, by the dark descending ceremonies attending the marriage of Proserpine, and the ascending rites which accompanied the luminous invention of thy daughter, and by other arcana which Eleusis, the Attic sanctuary, conceals in profound silence, support the soul of Psyche, thy suppliant! Suffer me to conceal myself in that heap of corn, for a few days, till the raging anger of so great a goddess may be mitigated by time ; or

at least permit me to stay here till my bodily powers, weakened by long-continued labour, become invigorated by an interval of rest."

To this prayer Ceres thus replied : " I am moved by your weeping supplications, and desire to assist you ; but I cannot with propriety incur the displeasure of a kindred goddess, to whom I am united by an ancient league of friendship. Depart therefore from this temple immediately, and take in good part my not detaining and making you a prisoner.

Psyche being thus repulsed, contrary to her hopes, and oppressed with a double sorrow, retired from the temple, and in a dark grove of the valley beneath the mountain, beheld a fane of elegant structure ; and unwilling to omit any way, though dubious, which might lead to better hope, and determined to implore the pardon of every god, she suppliantly approached the sacred doors. Here she perceived splendid gifts, and parts of garments interwoven with

golden letters, fixed to the branches of the trees, and the pillars of the temple ; the letters signifying that these were votive offerings for benefits received, and exhibiting the name of the goddess to whom they were dedicated.

Then Psyche throwing herself on her knees, and embracing the altar, having first wiped away her tears, thus prayed : “ O ! sister and wife of the mighty Jupiter, whether thou dost possess the ancient temples of Samos, which glories in thy querulous infancy, and in thy nourishment ; or whether thou dost frequent the blessed seats of the happy Carthage, which adores thee as a virgin riding through the heavens in a lion-yoked car ; or dost preside over the illustrious walls of the Argives, near the banks of Inachus, which celebrates thee now married to the Thunderer, and Queen of the Gods ! O ! thou whom all the East venerates under the name of Zygia, and all the West denominates Lucina ! Be thou, Juno, the favour in this my extreme misfortune, and de-

liver me, weary with the toils of such long-continued labours; from the fear of my present impending danger; for I know that thou art accustomed voluntarily to relieve the distresses of the pregnant."

Juno immediately presented herself to Psyche supplicating, in all the august dignity of her divinity, and said, " I would most willingly have my daughter-in-law Venus yield to your prayers; but decency will not permit me to act contrary to the will of Venus, whom I have always loved as my own daughter. Besides, the law forbids me to receive into my protection any fugitive servant, without the consent of her mistress."

But Psyche, now terrified with this second shipwreck of her fortune, and despairing of being able to recover her volatile husband, having laid aside all hope of safety, thus consulted with her own thoughts—" What other relief for my sorrows can now be either attempted or

or procured, since even goddesses cannot, though willing, afford me assistance? To what place shall I again direct my wandering steps, when entangled in such inextricable nets? Concealed in what habitations or darkness can I escape the inevitable eyes of the mighty Venus? Assume, therefore, a masculine mind my soul, bravely renounce all thy vain little hopes, voluntarily surrender thyself into the hands of thy mistress, and try, though late, to mitigate her rage by the modesty of thy behaviour. Besides, thou mayest perhaps find him in the house of his mother whom thou hast so long sought for in vain." Being thus prepared to enter on her dubious duty, or rather certain destruction, she considered with herself how she should begin her supplications to Venus.

CHAP. IX.

BUT Venus, refusing to employ earthly remedies in her inquiries after Psyche, returned to heaven. She orders the chariot to be made ready, which Vulcan, having fabricated with subtle skill, arched like the horned moon and precious with a waste of gold, had presented her before the consummation of her marriage. Four white doves, out of many that nestled about the bedchamber of their mistress, joyfully turning about their painted necks, assume the yoke decorated with gems, and having taken up their mistress, gladly fly with her to heaven. The chariot of the goddess was attended by a flock of sparrows wantoning with loud chirpings, and by other birds who sing sweetly ; all of them announcing the approach of Venus in the most mellifluous notes.

The clouds give way, the heavens unfold themselves to their daughter, and the lofty æther receives the goddess with joy ; nor does the singing family of Venus fear opposing eagles or rapacious hawks. Then immediately she directed her steps to the royal palace of Jupiter, and proudly demanded the necessary assistance of the vocal god Mercury : nor did the azure brow of Jupiter refuse assent. Then Venus, accompanied by Mercury, joyfully descended from heaven, and in her flight thus anxiously addressed him : — “ My Arcadian brother, you well know that your sister Venus never did any thing without the presence of Mercury, nor are you ignorant how long I have sought in vain for my lurking female slave : nothing therefore remains to be done, but for you to proclaim her in a public manner, and propose a reward to him that shall find her. Take care therefore that my commands are speedily executed, and clearly describe the marks by which she may be known, that no one may plead ignorance for the crime of un-

lawfully concealing her." At the same time she gave him a small volume, in which the name of Psyche was written, and every other particular respecting her, after which she immediately returned home. Nor was Mercury negligent in the performance of her commands; for running every where through all nations, he cried her in the following words: " IF ANY ONE CAN SEIZE IN HER FLIGHT, OR DISCOVER WHERE A FUGITIVE KING'S DAUGHTER, A SERVANT OF VENUS, AND OF THE NAME OF PSYCHE, LIES CONCEALED, LET HIM OR HER REPAIR TO MERCURY, THE CRYER, AT THE TEMPLE OF VENUS MURTIA *, AND RECEIVE AS A REWARD OF THE DISCOVERY, SEVEN SWEET KISSES FROM VENUS HERSELF, AND ONE EXQUISITELY DELICIOUS TOUCH OF HER CHARMING TONGUE."

Mercury having thus executed the procla-

* So called from the myrtle tree, which is sacred to Venus.

mation of Venus, the desire of such a mighty reward excited ardent endeavours in all mortals to obtain it ; and this circumstance took away from Psyche all thoughts of any farther delay. And now as she approached the gates of her mistress, she was met by one of the servants of Venus named Custom, who immediately exclaimed, as loud as she was able, “ At length then, most wicked slave, do you begin to know that you have a mistress ? And do you likewise pretend to be ignorant of the great fatigue we have endured in endeavouring to find you out ? But it is well that you have fallen into my hands, for now you have entered within the very gates of hell to receive without delay the punishment of such obstinate contumacy.”

After she had thus reviled Psyche, she audaciously twisted her hands in her hair and dragged her along without resistance. But Venus, as soon as she beheld her thus brought into her presence, burst into a loud laugh,

such as agitates those who are transported with vehement rage, and shaking her head: "At length," says she, "have you thought proper to come and pay your respects to your mother-in-law? Or did you rather come to see your sick husband, who is yet dangerously ill through the wound which you gave him? But take courage, for your reception will be such as a good mother-in-law ought to give. Where then," said she, "are my servants Solicitude and Sorrow?" These immediately attending, in obedience to the commands of their mistress, scourged and inflicted other torments on the miserable Psyche, and afterwards brought her again into the presence of Venus.

Then Venus again, laughing: "Behold," said she, "her swelling belly moves my compassion, since it is through this that she is to make me a happy grandmother. Happy indeed am I, who, in the very flower of my age, shall be called a grandmother! And the son of a vile slave shall be dignified with the appella-

tion of the grandson of Venus! Though, indeed, I foolishly call him my grandson, for marriages unequal, and besides this made in a village, without any witnesses, and without the father's consent, can never be deemed legitimate; so that thy offspring must be a bastard, even if I should suffer thee to bring him into the light.

Having thus spoke, she flew upon her, rent her garments in many places, tore her hair, beat her on the head, and severely chastised her in various ways: then taking wheat, barley millet, poppy-seed, vetches, lentils, and beans, and mixing them into one globular heap, she thus spoke to her: "you seem to me a servant so deformed, as to be incapable of deserving your lover by any other means than the diligent performance of menial employments; I will therefore myself make trial of your abilities as a housewife: take and separate this mass of seeds, and having properly disposed the several grains apart from each other, give me a proof

of your expedition by finishing the task before evening." Thus spoke Venus, and immediately after departed to a wedding supper.

But Psyche, astonished at the prodigious command, sat silent and stupid, without moving a hand to the disordered and inextricable mafs. Then a little ant, the native of the fields, vehemently commiserating such prodigious difficulty and labor, and execrating the step-mother's cruelty towards the wife of the mighty god Cupid, rapidly summoned together the populous tribe of neighbouring ants, and thus addressed them: "Take pity, ye active nurslings of the all-parent earth! Take pity, and with prompt celerity, assist the wife of Love, a beautiful young woman, who is now in a dangerous situation."

Immediately the six-footed people rushed forth to her assistance in undulating tribes, and with the utmost diligence, separated the whole heap, grain by grain, and having properly sorted

the confusedly mingled species, rapidly vanished from her sight.

But Venus on the commencement of night returns from the nuptial banquet, moist with wine, fragrant with rich ointments, and having her body elegantly bound with shining roses. As soon as she saw the diligence which had been exerted on the wonderful labour, "most vile creature," said she, "this is not the work of your hands, but of his whom, to your own and his misfortune, you have pleased;" and throwing her a piece of household bread, she retired to rest.

In the mean time Cupid was very closely confined to his bedchamber in the interior part of the house, partly lest he should injure his wound by petulant luxury, and partly lest he should associate with his beloved. Thus the lovers, being separated from each other under one roof, passed away exhausted with grief, the cruel night. But as soon as Aurora had ushered

in the morning, Venus, having called Psyche, thus addressed her: "do you perceive yonder grove which stretches itself to a considerable distance along the margin of a river whose deepest whirlpools look down upon a neighbouring fountain? There shining sheep of a golden colour wander about feeding without a shepherd: I think proper that you should bring me immediately a flock of that precious wool, whatever may be the difficulty of procuring it."

Psyche willingly arose, not with any intention of executing this command, but to procure rest from her misfortunes, by hurling herself headlong from the rock into the river.— But when she came to the brink, a reed, the sweet nurse of music*, being divinely inspired, thus prophetically spoke in soft and harmonious murmurs: "Psyche, exercised in mighty for-

* So called because the pipe of Pan was formed from reeds joined together.

rows, neither pollute my sacred waters by thy most miserable death, nor yet venture to approach the formidable sheep on the opposite bank while borrowing heat from the burning radiance of the sun, they are transported with savage rage, and are the destruction of mortals, either by their sharp horns, stony foreheads, or venomous bites. But when the meridian sun has driven the cattle to the shade, and the serene spirit of the flood lulled them to rest, then you may hide yourself under yonder lofty plane tree, which drinks of the same river with myself, and as soon as the sheep have mitigated their fury, on shaking the leaves of a neighbouring grove, you will find the woolly gold every where sticking to the roots of the trees." Thus the simple and humane reed taught the wretched Psyche how to accomplish this dangerous enterprize with safety.

Psyche, therefore, observing all the directions, found her obedience not in vain, but returned to Venus with her bosom full of the

delicate golden fleece. Yet she was not able to procure the approbation of her mistress by this her second perilous labour; but Venus, smiling bitterly, with severe eyebrows, thus addressed her: "I am not ignorant that you are not the performer of this task also, but I will now try whether you are endued with a courageous mind and singular prudence. Do you see the summit of yonder lofty mountain, from which the dusky waters of a black fountain fall, and which, confined in the channel of the neighbouring valley, irrigate the Stygian marshes and supply the hoarse streams of Cocytus? Bring me immediately in this little urn liquid dew drawn from the inmost influx of the lofty fountain." Thus speaking, she gave her a vessel of polished chrystal, and at the same time threatened her more severely than before.

But Psyche with the utmost celerity ascended to the very summit of the mountain, presuming that there at least she should find the period of her most miserable life. However, when she

arrived at the confines of the vertex, she saw the deadly difficulty of the vast undertaking: for a rock enormously lofty, and inaccessiblely rugged, vomited from its middle the horrid waters of the fountain, which immediately falling headlong in winding streams, rushed suddenly through a narrow channel into the neighbouring valley. On the right and left hand they creep through hollow rocks, over which fierce dragons stretch out their long necks, and, with unwinking vigilance, keep a perpetual watch. And now the vocal waters shook themselves, and exclaimed as they rolled along, "Depart; what do you attempt? Look and see what you do; take care, fly, or you will perish."

Psyche therefore, petrified through the impossibility of accomplishing the task, though she was present in body, was absent in mind, and being perfectly buried under the huge bulk of the inextricable danger, was even deprived

of the benefit of tears, the last solace of the wretched.

But the sorrow of the innocent soul is not concealed from the penetrating eyes of Providence. For the rapacious eagle, that royal bird of Jupiter, on a sudden flew to her with expanded wings, calling to mind his ancient obligations to Cupid, for enabling him to elevate to heaven the Phrygian cup-bearer * to Jupiter; and reverencing the divinity of Cupid in the labours of his wife, deserted the lofty paths of Jupiter, and bringing with him seasonable assistance, thus addressed her: " Can you, in other respects of an undefining disposition, and unexperienced in attempts of this kind, ever hope to steal one drop of this most holy and no less terrible fountain? Have you not heard, at least, that these Stygian waters are formidable even to Jupiter himself, and that as you swear by the divinity of the gods, so they are

* Ganymedes.

accustomed to swear by the majesty of Styx*? But give me that little urn." Immediately, therefore, taking it in haste, and poising it on his moving wings, he sailed between the cheeks of raging teeth, and the three-forked vibrating tongues of the dragons, and, steering his course to the right and to the left, drew off the reluctant waters, which previously admonished him that he might depart in safety, because he pretended Venus herself wanted some of the water, and had ordered him to procure it. And on this account his access to the fountain was facilitated.

Psyche therefore joyfully receiving the full urn, returned with the utmost celerity to Venus. Yet she was not able, even by the accomplishment of this dangerous enterprize to

* Styx, considered according to its first subsistence, appears to me to be that cause by which divine natures retain an immutable sameness of essence. The immutability therefore of divine energy is signified by the gods swearing by Styx.

appease the anger of the raging goddess. For threatening her with still more severe endurance, she thus addressed her, a smile, the harbinger of ruin, accompanying her words: "You appear to me to be a profound and malevolent magician, or you never could, with so much dexterity have performed my commands; but there is one task more, my dear, which you ought to perform. Take this box, (she immediately gave it her) and direct your course to the infernal regions and the deadly palace of Pluto. Then presenting the box to Proserpine, say, Venus requests you to send her a small portion of your beauty, at least as much as may be sufficient for one short day, for she has consumed all the beauty she possessed, through the attention which she pays to her diseased son. But return with the utmost expedition, for it is necessary that I should adorn myself with this beauty of Proserpine, as I must go to the theatre of the gods."

CHAP. VIII.

PSYCHE was now truly sensible that she was arrived at the extremity of her evil fortune, and clearly perceived that all further pretences being laid aside, she was impelled to immediate destruction, since she was forced to direct her steps to Tartarus and the shades below. Hence, without any farther delay, she ascended a lofty tower, that she might from thence hurl herself headlong; for she considered that by this means she should descend by a straight road, and in a beautiful manner, to the infernal regions. But she was no sooner arrived there, than the tower suddenly addressed her in the following words:

“ Why, O miserable creature, dost thou seek to destroy thyself by falling headlong from hence? And why dost thou rashly sink under

this thy last danger and endurance? For as soon as thy breath shall by this means be separated from thy body, thou wilt indeed descend to profound Tartarus, but canst not by any means return from thence. Listen therefore to me: Lacedæmon, a noble city of Achaia, is not far from hence: near this city, concealed in devious places, seek Tenarus; for there you will find the cavity through which Pluto breathes, and the impassable road presents itself to the view through the yawning gates. As soon as you have passed the threshold of this cavity, you proceed in a direct path to the palace of Pluto. But you ought not to pass through those shades with empty hands, but should take a sop of barley bread, soaked in hydromel, in both your hands, and in your mouth two pieces of money. And now when you have accomplished a good part of your deadly journey, you will meet a lame ass laden with wood, with a driver as lame as himself, who will ask you to reach him certain cords to fasten the burthen which has fallen from the

als ; but be careful that you pass by him in silence. Then without any delay proceed till you arrive at the dead river, in which Charon, immediately demanding his fee, in his patched boat ferries over the passengers to the farthest shore."

" Avarice therefore lives among the dead. Nor does Charon himself, nor the father Pluto, though so great a god, do any thing gratuitously. The poor man dying ought to prepare his viaticum, and no one suffers him to expire without having money at hand. To this squalid old man give one of the pieces of money which you carry with you, yet in such a manner, that he may take it with his own hand from your mouth. While you are passing over the sluggish river, a certain dead old man, floating on its surface, and raising his putrid hand, will entreat you to take him into the boat. However, be careful that you are not influenced by an unlawful piety. Having passed over the river, and proceeded to a little

distance from thence, certain old women, weaving a web, will request you to lend them a helping hand ; but it is not lawful for you to touch the web. For all these and many other particulars are snares prepared for you by Venus, that you may drop one of the fops out of your hands. But do not suppose that this would be a trifling loss ; since the want of but one of these fops would prevent your return to light ; for a huge dog, with three necks, and heads sufficiently large, fierce and formidable, barking with his thundering jaws, terrifies in vain the dead, whom he cannot injure, and always watching before the threshold and black palace of Proserpine, guards the empty house of Pluto. Having appeased this dog with one of your fops, you may easily pass by him, and then you will immediately enter into the presence of Proserpine herself, who will receive you in a very courteous and benignant manner, desire you to repose yourself on a soft seat, and persuade you to partake of a sumptuous banquet. But seat yourself on the ground, and

having asked for a piece of common bread, eat it. Then telling your message, and receiving what you came for, bribe the cruelty of the dog by the remaining sop. Afterwards having given to the avaricious ferryman the piece of money which you have reserved, and passed his river, you will return to the choir of the celestial stars. But above all things I think you should particularly be cautious not to open or even look upon the box which you carry, or explore that concealed treasury of divine beauty." In this manner the propitious tower delivered its prophetic admonitions.

Psyche, therefore, without delay, proceeded to Ténarus, and taking in a proper manner her pieces of money and her sops, ran down the infernal avenue. Here, having passed by the lame ass in silence, given the ferryman his fee, neglected the entreaties of the floating corpse, despised the fraudulent prayers of the spinsters, and lulled the rage of the horrid dog with a sop, she penetrated the palace of Pro-

ferpine. Nor did she accept the delicate feast or delicious banquet, but humbly sat at the feet of Proserpine, and being contented with a piece of common bread, delivered her embassy from Venus. Immediately after this, she received the box secretly filled and shut; and having barred the barking of the dog by the fraud of the remaining sop, and given the ferryman the other piece of money, she returned from the infernal regions much more vigorous than before. Then again enjoying and adoring the fair light of day, though she was in haste to finish her errand, she was seized with a rash curiosity: "Behold," said she, "what a foolish bearer am I of divine beauty, who do not even take away the least portion of it, that I may by this means appear pleasing in the eyes of my beautiful lover." As she ended this soliloquy, she opened the box; but it contained no beauty, nor indeed any thing but an infernal and truly Stygian sleep, which being freed from its confinement, immediately invades her, oppresses all her mem-

bers with a cloud of profound sleep, and detains her fallen down in the very place where she opened the box ; so that she lay motionless, and nothing else than a sleeping corpse.

But Cupid being now recovered of his wound, and not enduring the long absence of his Psyche, gliding through the narrow window of the bedchamber in which he was confined, and having his wings invigorated by repose, flew far more swiftly than before, and dispelling the sleep from the prying fair, and again concealing it in its ancient seat the box, roused Psyche with an innoxious touch of one of his arrows. “ And behold,” said he, “ miserable creature, thou wouldst again have perished by a similar curiosity. Now, however, strenuously perform the task imposed on thee by my mother, and I myself will take care of the rest.” Having thus spoke, the lover raised himself on high with the rowing of his wings, and Psyche immediately carried the present of Proserpine to Venus.

In the mean time Cupid, wafting away through excefs of love, and dreading the sudden feverity of his mother, returns to his armory, and having with rapid wings penetrated the fummit of Heaven, fupplicates the mighty Jupiter, and defends his caufe. Then Jupiter, ftroking the little cheeks of Cupid, and kissing his hand, thus addreffed him: “ Though you, my fon, endued with the authority of a mafter, never pay me that reverence which has been decreed me by the fynod of the gods, but perpetually wound this breaft of mine, by which the laws of the elements and the revolutions of the ftars are governed, and frequently defile it with earthly intrigues, contrary to the laws, the Julian edict*, and public difcipline, injuring my reputation and fame by bafe adulteries, and fordidly changing my ferene countenance into ferpents, fire, wild beafts, birds, and cattle ; yet remembering my own modera-

* Alluding to the law againft adultery, instituted by Auguftus Cæfar.

tion, and that you have been nursed in these hands of mine, I will accomplish all that you desire ; at the same time you must be sensible that you ought to guard against your rivals, and to recompence me for this service, by presenting me with any girl of transcendant beauty that may now happen to be upon the earth."

Having thus spoke, he ordered Mercury immediately to summon all the gods to attend, and at the same time to proclaim, that if any one of the celestials was absent, he should be fined ten thousand pieces of money. Through fear of this, therefore, the celestial theatre being immediately filled, lofty Jupiter, sitting on his sublime throne, thus addressed the assembly of gods : " Ye conscript gods, whose names are registered in the white roll of the Muses, you are all well acquainted with that youth whom I have reared with my own hands, and the fiery impetus of whose first years I thought would have been restrained by some bridle or other. It is sufficient that he is

every day defamed in conversation for the adulteries and all manner of corruption of which he is the cause. Every occasion of this is to be taken away, and his puerile luxury ought to be bound in nuptial fetters. He has made choice of a girl, and deprived her of her virginity. Let him therefore hold her, let him possess her, and embracing Psyche, always enjoy the object of his love." Then turning his face to Venus—"Nor do you, my daughter," said he, "be sorrowful on this occasion, nor fearful that your pedigree and rank will be disgraced by a mortal marriage; for I will now cause the nuptials not to be unequal, but legitimate, and agreeable to the civil law." Immediately after this, he orders Mercury to bring Psyche to Heaven, and as soon as she was arrived, extending to her a cup of ambrosia—"Take this," said he, "Psyche, and be immortal, nor shall Cupid ever depart from thy embrace, but these nuptials of yours shall be perpetual."

Then, without delay, the wedding supper was served in in great abundance. The husband reclining at the upper end of the table, embraced Psyche in his bosom; and in this manner Jupiter was seated with Juno, and after them the other gods and goddesses in their proper order. Then Jupiter was presented with a bowl of nectar, which is the wine of the gods, by that rustic youth*, his cup-bearer; but Bacchus supplied the rest. Vulcan dressed the supper; the Hours purpled over every thing with roses and other fragrant flowers; the Graces scattered balm; The Muses sung melodiously; Apollo accompanied the lyre with his voice; and Venus, with unequalled harmony of steps, danced to the music. The order too of the entertainment was, that the Muses should sing the chorus, Satyrus play on the flute, and Pan speak to the pipe. Thus Psyche came lawfully into the hands of Cupid, and at length, from a mature pregnancy, a daughter was born to them, whom we denominate Pleasure.

* Ganymedes.



A
POETICAL PARAPHRASE
ON THE
SPEECH OF DIOTIMA,
IN THE
BANQUET OF PLATO.



A
POETICAL PARAPHRASE,

Ec. Ec.

CANTO I.

HARD and uncommon is the task to prove,
That neither good nor beautiful is love ;
And bold the bard, who strives in tuneful verse
Its wondrous end and nature to rehearse.
May Plato's spirit all he writes inspire,
And with Truth's splendor mix the Poet's fire.

Hear what Diotima, the Priestess, told
Of mighty love to Socrates of old :
Love, dæmon power! in ev'ry form resides, ♀
And Nature's self in all her motions guides.
For antient Order may attempt in vain
His empire free from ruin to maintain ;
Unless the mighty power of Love is nigh,
And tempers ev'ry part in harmony.
Hence hostile elements, no longer fight,
But bound in measure, peaceably unite.

The cold and hot in perfect friendship join,
 And moist and dry in firm embrace combine.
 Imprison'd thus, the subtle force of heat
 In vain aspires to gain its native seat;
 And heavy parts of earth in vain may try
 To break the league, and in the center lie.
 Confess'd his general sway, but well to know
 The secret source from whence his actions flow;
 With strict attention to my words attend,
 And learn Love's nature and his wondrous end.
 From deep reflection all my thoughts arise,
 For deep reflection only makes us wise.

Can perfect swiftness to the swift aspire,
 Or matchless strength superior strength desire?
 Admitted, this conclusion must ensue,
 That men the very good they share pursue.
 The healthy hence must eager wish for health,
 The fair for beauty, and the rich for wealth.
 Possession hence with want would be the same,
 And perfect bliss become an empty name.
 Thus all desire, if rightly understood,
 Tends not to present but to future good.
 And accurately analyz'd his frame,
 Love, with desire of good, appears the same.
 And hence we find he never can be blest,
 But in the want of something unpossess'd.
 The distant good obtain'd, Love swiftly flies,
 Desire no more, and with desire he dies.

But think not hence, the sacred Priests cry'd,
 That Love is only to the base ally'd:
 For as between the ignorant and wife,
 We find a certain middle nature lies;
 The lot of him, who justly can descry
 A thing exists, but cannot tell us why:
 (Since Science ne'er illuminates the mind,
 Unskill'd the proper principle to find;
 And ignorance from him must take her flight,
 Who never deviates from the path of right.)
 Such true opinion to the wise is seen,
 Betwixt the two a certain wond'rous mean;
 And such a middle nature Love must share,
 Not quite deform'd, nor yet completely fair.
 Hence bound to each extreme in magic chains,
 He o'er the world a mighty Dæmon reigns.
 For such the place to dæmon forms assign'd,
 Between the powers divine and human kind:
 In middle rank they fill the vacant space,
 And link the natures of the mental race.
 To these alone th' important charge is giv'n,
 To bring to earth the sacred will of Heav'n;
 And thence to Heav'n again without delay,
 Each prayer and pious off'ring to convey.
 Their power alone that influence can impart,
 Which gives success to the Diviner's art;
 In amicable junction they combine
 The human nature with the forms divine;
 In present danger, or when ills impend,
 The good from ev'ry evil they defend;

Both night and day a constant watch they keep,
 Our living guardians 'midst the death of sleep;
 And true to those they love with friendly zeal,
 In mystic dreams futurity reveal.
 But let attention for a while prevail,
 And patient listen to the following tale:
 Once on a time, 'twas on the important day
 When Venus rose all lovely from the sea;
 The Gods dispos'd to celebrate the hour,
 Which being gave to beauty's charming pow'r:
 To feastful mirth invited many a guest,
 And Plenty, far more welcome than the rest;
 Sprung from a father of illustrious fame,
 Renown'd of old, and Counsel is his name.
 The supper ended, Poverty came there,
 And humbly begg'd the large remains to share.
 With eager looks the heapy store she ey'd,
 And pray'd each God her wants might be supply'd.
 Just at that instant, quite oppress'd with sleep,
 From drinking draughts of sparkling nectar deep,
 (For then unknown the generous strength of wine,
 Alike to mortals and the powers divine.)
 Intoxicated Plenty swiftly fought
 The beauteous gardens Jove himself had wrought:
 There, stretch'd at ease, supine the feaster lay,
 Till all the fumes of nectar dy'd away.
 Mean time thro' want endu'd with prudent care,
 Him Poverty had mark'd, and follow'd there;
 And, conscious of her own extreme distress,
 Thro' love of Plenty fought the deep recess.

Her time she watch'd, and quite o'erſpent with grief,
 Faſt by the ſide of Plenty ſought relief.
 At length her woes the ſon of Counſel moye,
 And as ſhe wiſh'd ſhe prov'd with child of Love.
 The reaſon hence, dear Socrates, is plain,
 Why Love is always found in Beauty's train;
 Since the ſame day that Venus bleſt the fight,
 Gave mighty Love to view the cheerful light.
 And hence with innate and with ſtrong deſire,
 To Beauty only all his thoughts aſpire:
 In her alone he finds complete reſoſe,
 A cure for grief, a charm for all his woes.
 For ſuch thro' Poverty his abjeſt ſtate,
 Condemn'd to drink the dregs of Fortune's hate:
 Nor ſmooth his ſkin, nor yet his viſage fair,
 But hard from conſtant want, and worn with care.
 No friendly roof protects his wretched head,
 No houſe he owns, nor for reſoſe a bed;
 No ſhoes from rugged ſtones preſerve his feet,
 And all his portion is the open ſtreet.
 But if we view him on his father's ſide,
 To ev'ry excellence he is ally'd.—
 From hence his love of gallantry proceeds,
 And all his fondneſs for heroic deeds;
 For full of courage and of active fire,
 No dangers fright him, and no labours tire.
 A ſportsman hence, renown'd for ſpeedy pace,
 And ſkill'd in all the toils of beauty's chace.
 To catch his game a thouſand arts he tries,
 Which ſubtle wit or prudent thought ſupplies.

From hence to deep philosophy inclin'd,
 Arises all his loftiness of mind.
 In magic, mighty, and sophistical wiles,
 By fraud or force he ev'ry heart beguiles.
 He is not mortal in the common way,
 Nor yet exempt from absolute decay;
 Like you and me he's not condemn'd to die,
 Nor is immortal like the Gods on high.
 In the same day a different state he shares,
 And lives or dies according as he fares.
 The rich abundance which he once partakes,
 Steals hourly from him, and at length forfakes:
 Like Euripus, his nature ebbs and flows,
 And waxes alternately and plenty knows.
 But view with wonder how his knowledge lies,
 For Love is neither ignorant nor wise:
 By deep investigation hence we find
 A middle state of wisdom Love's assign'd.
 Thro' this in times of old he rose to fame,
 And gain'd with ev'ry rank a mighty name;
 In form of sage philosophy appear'd,
 By Gods admir'd, and by mankind rever'd:
 For know, the powers supremely good and wise
 Can ne'er, O Socrates, philosophize;
 Nor to the ignorant and vulgar throng,
 The pleasing search of truth can e'er belong:
 For Folly, from the first created blind,
 For total darkness was alone design'd;
 And hence, by Jove's irrevocable doom,
 Is always cover'd with Oblivion's gloom.

Yet she, though neither fair, nor good, nor wise,
 Affects these rare endowments to despise.
 The philosophic tribe from hence, 'tis clear,
 Can only in the middle rank appear;
 To Ignorance thro' matter's union ty'd
 To Wisdom by their mental part ally'd.
 The dæmon Love o'er these exalted reigns,
 Partakes their nature, and his sway maintains.
 And to the sources whence his being flows,
 His philosophic state of wisdom owes.
 His father Plenty, truly rich and wise,
 His nature with abundant good supplies.
 His mother, wholly ignorant and poor,
 Robs him of all his wealthy father's store.

Should any one demand of me or you,
 What is the general object we pursue;
 The goal to which eternally we tend,
 And of each restless wish the only end?
 (Tho' but a few can tell us where it lies,
 A chosen few, the fav'rites of the skies;)
 We might with safety, since with truth, proclaim,
 That to be happy is our constant aim.
 'Tis obvious hence that all men are in love,
 Since all to good as to their center move.
 And hence that ardent longing which we find
 In each particular of human kind;
 That thirst for bliss, is ever understood,
 The love of real or apparent good.

Love, mighty pow'r, in ev'ry bosom reigns,
 And thro' the world a boundless sway maintains.
 By secret stratagem all hearts assails,
 And o'er the strongest by his wiles prevails.
 Nor think his wide dominion is confin'd
 By any limits of a partial kind;
 His num'rous votaries in diff'rent ways
 Their God pursue, and vindicate his praise.
 For some in Truth's delightful paths are found,
 Some are for riches or for strength renown'd:
 One general term alike to all extends,
 The same their motives, and the same their ends.

There is a saying which is held for true,
 That men themselves in what they love pursue;
 Their other half with strong concern inquire,
 And only union with their own desire.
 But my opinion, rightly understood,
 Is this;—that all we ever seek is good.
 This to obtain a thousand arts we try,
 For this we live, for this consent to die.
 With parts alone to which she is ally'd,
 The restless soul can ne'er be satisfy'd;
 For if diseas'd a member once we find,
 The hands contracted, or the eyes grown blind;
 The useless parts retain their empty name,
 But can no more our former fondness claim.
 Indeed the man, if such a man is known,
 Supremely blest with sovereign good his own;

Will ne'er forget the treasure of his heart ;
 Will ne'er from lasting love of good depart.
 But simple love of good is not the end
 To which alone with rapid course we tend :
 To full possession all our thoughts aspire,
 And this the purpose of each warm desire :
 Nor is possession yet the perfect whole,
 Sufficient fully to delight the soul.
 Duration endless must enjoyment wait,
 And place the good beyond the reach of fate.

CANTO II.

OF those who love the great the only care,
 Is to beget on what is good and fair.
 For know, O Socrates, that all mankind
 For generation are alike design'd;
 And when dispos'd, with store of vigorous seed,
 Corporeal forms or mental children breed.
 Of diff'rent natures, yet their end the same,
 The fair and beautiful is all their aim:
 Since each with ardent love to this aspires,
 And each indignant from the base retires.
 The work divine thro' ev'ry age shall last,
 Alike the future wonder as the past.
 For generation is the means assign'd
 To give immortal being to the Kind:
 The place of transient natures to supply,
 With other forms alike condemn'd to die;
 And thus in one eternal wond'rous round,
 The dire dominions of the grave to bound.
 Hence like a river borne with downward force,
 Life urges on its never-ending course;
 Its vivid streams to Death's dark caverns glide,
 And in the waters of oblivion hide;
 But soon indignant their retreat forfake,
 And swift to upper light their course retake;

Diffusing as they flow their copious store,
 In channels such as those they fill'd before.
 But view with wonder how the work proceeds,
 The male impregnates by his active seeds:
 The female form the fertile store receives,
 By nature passive; and from this conceives.
 In each appears a principle divine;
 In each the marks of perfect wisdom shine:
 But nought besides the beautiful and fair,
 Can with a principle divine compare;
 Can e'er its influence perfectly admit,
 Or e'er obedient to its power submit.
 Beauty alone with her celestial fires,
 Each seed enlivens, and each sex inspires.
 Hence when dispos'd the body or the mind,
 To stamp the image of its like we find;
 And with affection for some beauty teem,
 By far more dear than friendship or esteem:
 Approaching now the fair one's charming sight,
 It smiles benignant, full of strong delight;
 Each opening power diffuses wide its seeds,
 And thus alone urg'd on by rapture breeds.
 But when it meets with the deform'd and base,
 It starts indignant from its foul embrace;
 Contracted turns, and as it turns recedes;
 Nor teems with love, nor full of transport breeds:
 Its bursting power within itself restrains,
 And bears the burden, tho' it bears with pains.

Whene'er this knowledge to departure tends,
 In Lethe's dark abyfs at length it ends;
 But Meditation swift its courfe purfues,
 And ftraight its shadows in the foul renews.
 To the lethargic fream her flight ſhe takes,
 And Memory from dormant pow'r awakes;
 Who on the margin of the gloomy deep,
 Would elfe be doom'd to everlaſting ſleep:
 Recalling ſpeedy from the dreary ſhore,
 The images of truths ſhe knew before.
 To foul then ſoaring on celeftial wings,
 The faithleſs nymph with all her ſhades ſhe brings.
 But immortality extends, you'll find,
 To each illuſtrious action of mankind:
 With wond'rous love and fortitude ſupply'd,
 Thro' this Alceſtis for her huſband dy'd:
 Achilles hence, with matchleſs fury fir'd,
 Patroclus dead, revenge alone deſir'd.
 By grief and love alternate rul'd he fought,
 And endleſs glory in deſtruction fought.
 Hence Codrus dy'd, to fix his children's claim,
 And fell the victim of parental fame.
 Virtue alone ſuch ſtrong deſires could raiſe,
 And Virtue's own is everlaſting praiſe.

But tho' immortal being is the goal
 To which inceſſant tends the human ſoul;
 Yet diff'rent men purſue a diff'rent fame,
 Their methods various, yet their end the ſame.

In some, and those the greatest part we find,
 Their power to body is alone confin'd :
 Such ardent court the favour of the fair,
 The vulgar kind of love their only care.
 But hope of endless being these inspires,
 And each thro' this to procreate desires ;
 Their secret purpose to obtain renown,
 And in their children's being find their own.
 In other men of nobler rank we find
 This power is chiefly of the mental kind ;
 Poets and artists of illustrious fame,
 By rare inventions such distinction claim :
 But far in beauty must the art excel,
 Divinely teaching how to govern well.
 Hence when some godlike mind from early youth
 Has teem'd with seeds of such exalted truth ;
 Soon as advancing age matures the seed,
 In soul's divine he seeks fair truth to breed.
 Some beauteous body first attracts his sight,
 And this he welcomes with sincere delight ;
 But if in searching deeper he should find
 The brighter beauty of a virtuous mind ;
 With fond attachment now and love divine,
 He teems for her in whom such charms combine :
 His only aim in virtue to improve
 The pleasing object of so pure a love.
 While thus dispos'd he tries the fair to teach,
 Deep is his sense, and eloquent his speech ;
 By beauty fir'd, each pow'r enlarg'd he feels,
 And thro' his soul a novel transport steals ;

Till thus the seeds of wisdom in his mind,
 By sweet discourse on virtue well refin'd,
 Spontaneous burst, and from confinement freed,
 A lovely race of mental children breed.
 His mind is now to such perfection grown,
 When present with his mistress or alone;
 And render'd so alert by frequent use,
 Her pow'rs with ease their copious store produce.
 And now the parents strive with mutual care
 Their lasting fruits of true regard to rear:
 Since in an offspring of their souls they join,
 More fair than body, deathless and divine.
 Where is the man who Homer can admire,
 And not an issue such as his desire;
 Whose soul great Hesiod's noble theme can raise,
 And wishes not to share his endless praise:
 Or he who pants for high politic fame,
 Such as attends the good Lycurgus' name;
 And ne'er desires like him to leave behind
 A race by far the bravest of mankind?
 Whose honors from the waste of time secure,
 From death exempt, for ever shall endure.
 Himself of such a race the mighty fire,
 For he alone such virtue could inspire.
 For Greece at large with matchless zeal they fought,
 And general freedom to their country brought.
 Amongst yourselves what well-deserv'd applause
 Is paid to Solon who begat the laws!
 And e'en in barbarous nations men are found
 Like these for virtuous progeny renown'd;

But merely human offspring ne'er could claim
Such boundless praise, such never-dying fame.

Thus far, perhaps, O Socrates, your mind
From vulgar notions is by me refin'd ;
And well instructed what the cause to know,
From whence love's actions as their fountain flow :
But much, I fear, my efforts will be vain,
Love's most sublime arcana to explain ;
Yet will I strive with unremitting zeal,
What still remains mysterious to reveal.
No vulgar height my muse aspiring soars,
No path ignoble while she sings explores.
Beyond the orbit of the moon she flies,
And leaves the sun behind and starry skies :
With daring wing pursues her rapid flight,
Till boundless beauty bursts upon her sight.
Whoever enters on this great affair,
Must first begin with bodies that are fair ;
If with success he e'er the work pursue,
Or ever wishes beauty's self to view :
Then if his dæmon lead his choice aright,
In some fair female place his whole delight ;
Till teeming with a store of Wisdom's seeds,
On her fine thoughts and fair discourse he breeds.
Next he should think, if well dispos'd his mind,
Beauty like this in other forms he'll find ;
Since many a fair his wond'ring eyes must strike,
In outward charms to her he loves alike.

Then if corporeal beauty he pursues,
 And as existing in the species views;
 Beauty the same in all he must conceive,
 And being universal thus perceive.
 Whatever forms this lovely whole partake,
 He now admires for general beauty's sake :
 And all that transport which he felt before
 For one fair body, he will feel no more.
 If after this his soul, by wisdom taught,
 Has learn'd to value beauty as it ought ;
 No more with sudden rapture he'll admire
 Corporeal beauty, or its sight desire ;
 But far superior mind's perfections deem,
 And feel for body but a small esteem.
 On mental beauty, with supreme delight,
 He now employs his all-creative might ;
 Researching deeper, too, his lab'ring mind,
 He strives some latent notions there to find ;
 From dormant power recalls his fertile seeds,
 And big with thought, on his beloved breeds.
 His generous soul thus widening by degrees,
 Beauty congenial in the arts he sees :
 From art to science then he takes his flight,
 Beauty still beaming on his mental sight ;
 Till thus revolving in his mind profound,
 That beauty various in them all is found ;
 No longer like some mean domestic mind,
 To partial fondness for one child inclin'd ;
 A slave illib'ral, whose contracted soul
 A part of beauty loves, and not the whole.

But fond of what is fair in each degree,
 He views transported Beauty's ample sea;
 And thus begets, with vigour unconfin'd,
 All-various reasons of the noblest kind;
 With thoughts magnificent a beauteous race,
 From generous philosophy's embrace;
 Till thus his mind such wond'rous strength obtains,
 And such exalted views of beauty gains;
 The matchless science he at length descries,
 Within whose ample orb this beauty lies.
 Above the mighty sea sublimely soars,
 And, eagle-ey'd, its vast extent explores.
 But now with thought profound my words attend,
 And mark their noble, tho' myfterious, end.
 Whoe'er advancing then by fit degrees,
 Thus much of love thro' contemplation fees:
 Approaching now with rapturous delight,
 Near and more near to perfect beauty's sight;
 Sudden, while yet his thoughts their flight pursue,
 Beauty itself will burst upon his view:
 That very beauty which, with anxious thought,
 His restless soul in all her labours sought;
 Beauty transcendentally sublime and fair,
 Beyond description, and without compare.
 Long * ere the sun arose to mortal sight,
 And Nature's face grew splendid with his light;

* This must be understood according to causal, but not temporal, priority.

Before the moon, by paler lustre known,
 On drowsy night with ray reflective thone;
 Before the stars with trembling fires appear'd,
 Or antient Earth her lofty mountains rear'd;
 Or Ocean rising from his deeps profound,
 Begirt with liquid grasp the solid ground:
 This beauty flourish'd by itself alone,
 The fairest offspring of the thrice unknown;
 Without beginning, and without decay,
 Thro' deep eternity diffus'd its ray.
 Whence all the beauty of the Gods arose,
 And whence the world itself for ever flows.
 For nought such matchless beauty can impair,
 Which always is, and is supremely fair:
 Unlike the passing forms of mortal frame,
 Which not a moment e'er abide the same.
 Nor is this beauty fair alone and bright,
 When view'd one way, or in one certain light;
 Such as the beauty which in nature shines,
 Whose ev'ry part according discord joins.
 No change of time this beauty can impair,
 Unlike the beauty of the cloudless air.
 Nor Heav'n's blue vault, nor æther's fiery glow,
 Unfading beauty such as this can know.
 No place peculiar beauty can confine,
 Like this unbounded, and like this divine;
 Such as in parts of mother earth prevails,
 Adorn'd with verdant hills and flow'ry vales,
 Imagination may attempt in vain,
 The form of beauty such as this to gain;

In vain may vestigate her passive mind,
 Some object beautiful like this to find.
 No shape it owns, nor any mortal grace,
 Nor branching arms, nor mind-illumina'd face.
 Nor is this beauty of a single kind,
 Reason particular, or partial mind;
 Nor in the forms of Nature it resides,
 Nor day reveals it, nor the darkness hides;
 Nor in the earth, nor in the heav'n's it reigns,
 No parts divide it, and no whole contains:
 But in the Good's bright vestibule retir'd,
 And by its solitary self inspir'd
 To sacred converse, single and alone,
 'Tis only to itself completely known:
 In essence simple, and without compare,
 No change can reach it, and no chance impair.
 All beauteous forms to this their beauty owe,
 And from its nature as their fountain flow;
 Yet while like streams they swiftly glide away,
 This wond'rous beauty never knows decay;
 Nor grows, nor dies, like those of mortal frame,
 Nor ever alters, but abides the same.
 When re-ascending by a vigorous flight,
 A man begins to gain this beauty's sight:
 If Love's right path he steadily pursue,
 His end propos'd will nearly rise to view.
 With love to some fair body first inclin'd,
 To many next, he then should soar to mind.
 From mind to art, from art to science rise,
 Till beauty's science he at length descrites:

Nor e'er in this ascent remit his flight,
 Till boundless beauty burst upon his sight.
 Here, dearest Socrates, alone resides
 The happy life, for ever here abides.
 Here is the only source of true delight,
 To live eternal in this beauty's sight;
 A glimpse of which, if ever you attain,
 Will prove the vulgar thoughts of beauty vain:
 The beautiful itself will not appear
 In costly robes, in youths or damsels fair;
 In burnish'd gold, or in the di'mond's blaze,
 Or in the echoes of immortal praise:
 Tho' to the many phantoms such as these,
 Alone are beautiful, alone can please;
 Whose very presence such delight can give,
 With these they wish eternally to live;
 And such unreal beauties to secure,
 With patient mind the wants of life endure.
 If transport then arises from the view
 Of beauty such as vulgar souls pursue;
 Think of that boundless joy the mind conceives,
 Whose eye the *beautiful itself* perceives:
 In simple essence beaming on the sight,
 Not fair with figure, nor with colour bright.
 To souls refin'd, can such a life be seen
 Of little worth, contemptible or mean;
 Perceive you not, that he whose piercing eye
 Is able perfect beauty to descry,
 Thus, and thus only, fill'd with wisdom's seed,
 Virtue substantial can attain to breed?

Till now become the fav'rite of the skies,
Mature in virtue, and completely wise ;
His foul indignant leaves this frail abode,
And reigns exalted 'midst the Gods a God.



HYMNS,

&c. &c.



TO VENUS.

A LUCID, royal, foam-begotten fount,
 The second monad of the solar gods,
 By sov' reign Jupiter produc'd, I sing.
 Hail parent goddess! secret, fav'ring Queen,
 Whose all-prolific deity first shines
 Harmonic 'midst the *supermundane* gods;
 And thence according streams of beauteous light,
 The source of union to material forms,
 Diffuses wide thro' Nature's flowing realms.
 The amatory impulse which pervades,
 Allures, and raises all things by its power,
 From thee, as from its fontal cause, proceeds:
 And thy unbounded mental splendor draws
 To beauty's self, its progeny divine.
 Mother of Loves! a wing'd immortal tribe,
 Whose triple order, with resistless sway,
 The ever-changing race of mortals rules.
 The greatly-wise of old, in sacred hymns,
 Divinely mystic, thee as Night invoc'd,
 Because th' exemplar of thy splendid form

Subsists in union awfully occult,
 Amid the great intelligible gods.
 Thee too, as Lyfian Bacchus, they ador'd,
 Because thou pour'st, as from an endless fount,
 Th' intoxicating streams of beauty's light,
 Which vig'rous agitate th' enraptur'd soul,
 And aid her to dissolve her natal bonds:
 To fly indignant from the realms of night,
 And gain th' eternal palace of her fire.
 Once in truth's splendid and immortal plain,
 With thee in blest deific union join'd,
 Th' unknown pulchritudes of mystic forms,
 Which shine apparent in a lucid place,
 Beyond the sacred mental Heav'n, I saw.
 But when the latent seeds of mad desire,
 With gradual evolution silent spread,
 And rous'd the baneful tendency to change;
 My wretched soul her mental eye withdrew
 From perfect beauty's progeny divine,
 And all the splendid forms contain'd in thee,
 And heedless gaz'd on matter's fraudulent face.
 Then earthly images with guile replete,
 Like thee appearing to my clouded sight,
 The figur'd eye of phantasy assail'd,
 And caus'd oblivion of supernal goods.
 Unhappily from thee, I then retir'd,
 And downward verg'd, as earthly love increas'd,
 Till with insanity my soul was fill'd,
 And into Hyle's stormy darkness hurl'd.
 For then her former dignity impair'd,

My soul unable longer to extend
 Intelligibly with the mighty world,
 Her essence with all-various powers replete,
 Through dark oblivion of thy beauteous form,
 And wonder rais'd by Nature's guileful arts,
 Lethargic tended towards solid forms,
 Full of impetuous matter's base alloy.
 Hence in her passage thro' th' etherial orbs,
 Whate'er replete with light and warmth she found,
 And well-adapted body to connect,
 This with avidity she madly seiz'd;
 Herself involving in coercive bonds,
 Form'd from these circles, and their moving lines,
 And spreading round her like a filmy net.
 But when thro' places near the moon she pass'd,
 Which nat'rally a subtle air possess,
 Mix'd with a spirit heavy and obscure;
 Here, as she mov'd, by Nature's force impell'd,
 A noise vehement in her course she rais'd,
 And a moist spirit in herself receiv'd.
 Then wide extending, as she gradual fell,
 Each orb's entangling surfaces and lines,
 And partly downwards thro' her spirit drawn,
 And partly struggling for supernal forms,
 Her spheric figure lost in lengthening rays,
 She sunk, transmuted to a human shape.
 In baneful hour thus fall'n and obscur'd,
 And in dark Hyle's loud-resounding sea
 Deep merg'd, her vestment of etherial mould,
 For one membranous and terrene she chang'd.

The lines too, which before with fiery light,
 And colour'd with a fiery redness shone,
 She chang'd into the grosser form of nerves.
 And last, from these inferior realms assum'd
 A spirit pond'rous, humid, and obscure.
 Thus with a nat'ral body cover'd o'er,
 From certain surfaces membranous form'd,
 With spirit, nerves, and filmy lines combin'd,
 Th' external body's harmony and root,
 Thro' which its parts are nourish'd and sustain'd,
 My clouded and lethargic soul at length
 Thy perfect beauty and alluring light
 Forgot, the source of energy divine.
 All-bounteous Goddess, may thy splendid eye,
 Whose beauteous rays the universe connect
 With anagogic and harmonic bonds,
 Beam on my soul with elevating power,
 And freedom rouse unconscious of restraint.
 Disperse these earthly unsubstantial forms,
 Which oft attempt to fascinate my soul,
 And fix in lethargy her active powers.
 For magic Hyle, by her guileful arts,
 With shadowy beauty charms the eye of sense,
 And darkly imitates thy splendid form.
 O gracious aid me by *theurgic* arts,
 T' appease great Neptune's overwhelming ire;
 And raise me by the power of mystic song,
 Thy splendid palace in the plain of truth,
 And anagogic centre to regain.
 But grant my life, if long I'm doom'd to stray

A mourning captive from thy fair domain,
 May peaceful glide, in solitude conceal'd,
 And wrapt in blissful intellectual rest.
 That thus with thee, in secret union join'd,
 Ev'n while invested with this cumbrous shell,
 My foul *first being's* vestibule may gain,
 Borne on the flaming wings of holy love,
 And seated there with solitary gaze,
 The o'erflowing fountain of the Gods may view.

TO LOVE.

THEE, mighty Dæmon, anagogic Love,
 First beauty's splendid progeny, I sing :
 Whose mystic fire, descending from on high,
 Diffuses wide intelligible light,
 The source of union to material forms :
 And seated in the vestibule sublime,
 The secret entrance to the highest god,
 All secondary natures upwards calls
 With energetic and alluring voice.
 Hail, beauteous son of æther, tender god !
 All-spreading, dark-ey'd splendor, flaming flower.
 Four circling eyes * adorn thy four-fold face,

* For Love, in the Orphic theology, is in a certain respect the same as Phanes; and the following verse, preserved by Hermias, in his MS. Commentary on the Phædrus, shews that he is adorned with four eyes.

Τέτρασιν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἀράμνος ἵθα καὶ ἵθα.

i. e. "possessing through four eyes an unbounded vision."

And cause thy *perfect*, and unbounded sight :
 Two golden wings emitting mental fire,
 Impell thee rapid, thro' the mighty world :
 And last, four different heads thy form compleat,
 With awful majesty, and grace combin'd.
 For first the visage of a beauteous ram,
 And then a bull's bedect with radiant horns :
 A dragon's next, with ever-watchful eyes,
 And tawny lion's front thy shape adorn.
 And hence thy wond'rous nature is replete
 With zoogonic, and defensive power.}
 Thy splendid essence in itself contains
 The bright exemplar of all Dæmon forms :
 And hence thy summit 'midst the gods supreme,
 United to the highest beauty shines.
 But in the ranks of supermundane gods,
 Thy middle process mentally appears ;
 And thro' the mighty world with fertile power,
 And multifarious energies replete,
 Thy third progression every where pervades.
 But after thy uniting highest form,
 And triple essence perfected from thence ;
 A various multitude of loves shines forth,
 By thee adorn'd with intellectual light :

And that Phæon has four heads is well known : from
 which it appears that each head possesses but one eye ;
 for if this is denied, some one of the heads must be des-
 titute of sight. Hence, since Love is the exemplar of
 all dæmon forms, we may perhaps collect the reason
 why the Homeric Polyphemos is one-eyed, or a Cyclops.

From whence th' angelic choirs are largely fill'd
 With flaming zeal, and over-flowing love;
 And all the middle ranks, of Dæmon forms
 Full of thy ardent deity attend
 The gods to perfect beauty's self recall'd.
 Hence too, the heroes anagogic band,
 About first beauty rapidly revolves,
 With joy divine, and bacchanalian rage.
 But godlike human souls allied to thee,
 And touch'd with thy transporting mental fire,
 In dance harmonic, round true beauty move;
 And into Hyle's stormy regions fall,
 To benefit more dull lethargic souls;
 Who lull'd to rest on Lethe's flow'ry brink,
 Have lost all knowledge of their pristine state,
 Merg'd in gross vapour, and in night profound.
 Thy wond'rous middle nature first appear'd,
 When beauteous Venus from the silver'd foam,
 The sounding sea's bright blossom rose to light.
 But this, in symbols obvious to the wise,
 Shews thy production from that fertile power,
 Who first shines forth as demiurgic life,
 Amid the ruling supermundane gods.
 'Tis said, thy all-connecting nature sprung
 From wretched penury, with plenty join'd:
 For mind consider'd as the seat of forms,
 Resembles want, self-unconfin'd, and void;
 But as its own intelligible good,
 Is perfect plenitude, divinely fair.
 Hence as intelligence thy nature shines,

For ever pregnant with some new desire :
 Now from thy father's rich abundance full,
 Now thro' thy mother, poverty extreme ;
 Blest Lyfian god ! regard my suppliant pray'r,
 And free my captive, but indignant soul,
 From guileful Lethe's fascinating realms.
 Disperse the noxious race of earthly loves,
 That eagerly with wanton flames contend
 To rouse desires phantastic and impure.
 My soul illumine with beams of holy fire,
 And all her vivid mental powers expand ;
 That thus her lucid car, from sense refin'd,
 May rapid rise, on flaming pinions borne,
 And joyful gain her anagogic goal.
 Oh haste my flight to those paternal rays
 From which my soul with mind invested came,
 And in her passage pluck'd Empyrean flowers.
 For this, O give my soul's immortal depth
 O'er sense and phantasy to reign supreme,
 And all her amatory eyes extend
 To truth's wide-spreading and prolific plain ;
 From whence intelligible light evolv'd,
 Proceeds redundant thro' the mighty world,
 And vig'rous agitates material forms.
 For now reluctant in the realms of night,
 Of folly weary, and with labours sad,
 And hourly panting to depart, I roam.
 Haste then, blest power, and burst the magic bonds
 Which first thro' earthly love my soul enchain'd ;
 Nor longer thus afflicted and forlorn,

Prolong this death-like, unsubstantial life,
For ever rolling with impetuous speed,
Like some dark river, into matter's sea.
Or if still longer I am doom'd to roam,
A wretched exile, from thy fair domain ;
Oh grant me soon the necessary means
(That ardent object of my soul's desire)
To fly indignant from the vulgar throng,
And lead in solitude a life divine.

TO NEPTUNE.

THE second monad of the *ruling* kings,
 A vital, super-mundane god, I sing:
 Whose power, all life and origin unfolds,
 And into beautiful progression calls.
 Hail, fertile Neptune! whose extended might,
 O'er all the planetary system reigns;
 And gives perfection to its rolling orbs,
 With motions vig'rous, various, and divine.
 Whate'er the middle elements contain,
 With moisture's fluctuating form replete,
 'Tis thine with ever-watchful eye to guard;
 And thro' the whole of generation's realms,
 Earthquakes, and hollows, and irriguous caves,
 Sacred to Naiads, to thy sway belong:
 Whence souls in matter's *flowing* regions tost,
 Are under thy dominion said to live.
 The middle centre of the mighty world
 With fertile life replete to thee belongs;
 And ev'ry middle station thro' the whole
 Is rul'd by thee, from whom its nature flows:

And as from Jove, paternal monad! springs
The three *commanding demiurgic* gods;
So from thy essence centre of the three,
The vital order, full of fertile power
And unpolluted energy, proceeds.
Hence *Proserpine* for ever flows from thee,
As super-mundane's life's exhaustless fount.
The wife of old invoc'd thee as the same
With sacred *Justice*; whose all-piercing eye,
With vision unconfin'd and pure, perceives
The life and conduct of the human race.
For *Justice* only has the power to join
From *truth's* equality opposing forms:
And *life* connects in union and consent
The different species of this mighty whole.
Hence from the Sun's bright middle throne 'tis thine,
Diffus'd thro' all things, over all to rule.
Hence, too, 'tis said, the *ever-fertile* muse,
The fair *Thalia*, is conjoin'd with thee;
Because thou pour'st, as from an endless fount,
The vigorous streams of all-producing life:
And, 'midst the liberated gods, 'tis thine
The ever-circling ranks of souls to rule.
Earth-shaking, dark-hair'd god, regard my prayer,
And aid my captive, but indignant, soul
From Hyle's dread voracious rage to fly,
And gain her native, long-deserted home,
And blissful union with thy splendid form.
For once in truth's wide-spreading fertile plain,
Merg'd in thy central deity, I saw

The unknown unities of all the gods
 Enshrin'd in perfect beauty's boundless light.
 But when the madd'ning impulse of desire,
 Produc'd by Hyle's fluctuating life,
 With silent evolution guileful spread,
 And caus'd oblivion of supernal goods;
 In evil hour, unconscious of my change,
 And fraught with seeds of bitter woe, to earth
 I rush'd impetuous; but in falling pass'd
 Thro' various-colour'd widely-wand'ring streams,
 With guilt and ruin partners of my flight.
 First in a whirlpool, livid and obscure,
 Widely-diffus'd, voluminous and cold,
 And sluggish in its course, my soul was plung'd.
 Then thro' a gentle milk-white stream she fell,
 Whose silv'ry waves with silent motion glide;
 And pass'd from hence to one of ruddy fire,
 Whose rapid waters roll with headlong rage
 In glittering currents and sulphureous whirls.
 Then thro' a river, beautiful and wide,
 Whose golden streams are bright with glitt'ring
 flames,
 I sunk, enamoured of phantastic forms,
 Pregnant with death, and eager to be lost.
 But farther still descending in my flight,
 Next thro' a stream divinely fair I fell,
 A stream nectareous, more than amber pure:
 And then thro' one in rapid whirlpools tost,
 With various colours bright, I thoughtless plung'd.

Last, thro' a current*, whose meand'ring streams
 Produce all waters, foaming as they flow,
 With ev'ry river's humid seeds replete,
 I fell; by love of outward form ensnar'd,
 And guileful nature's fascinating charms:
 Till plung'd in infancy and night profound,
 And in this earthly cumbrous shell inclos'd,
 The soul's dark prison and Tartarian tomb,
 I lost all knowledge of my former state,
 And ancient union with thy central fount.
 Fertile, triadic, all-producing god!
 Regard the fervent tribute of my praise,
 And haste my passage to my native home.
 Oh burst the bands of generation's life,
 Dark and delusive, impotent and vain;
 Like the black ocean, rolling without rest,
 And wildly tost, with loud-resounding storms.
 Or if still longer I am doom'd to stay
 A mourning exile from the courts of light,
 O gracious free me from the baneful rage
 Of all my marine and material foes;
 Nor suffer me, abandon'd, to sustain
 Th' o'erwhelming billows of dark matter's flood;
 Where flying mockeries of perfect life,
 In swift succession rise and disappear;
 And to the eye of cogitation seem
 Like shadows on a sea of shadow tost,

* These seven streams signify the seven planetary spheres. See Martianus Capella.

Which rise and vanish with delusive play,
 And vainly imitate substantial forms.
 Give mental peace and necessary health,
 From vulgar cares, and cruel labours rest,
 And wealth sufficient for a life divine :
 That thus my days, in solitude conceal'd,
 May shine auspicious, and with transport glide ;
 Spent in pursuit of intellectual good,
 Deific visions of the highest forms,
 And central union with the *god of gods*.

To the whole of a pure intellectual Essence, considered as forming one intelligible World.

O FAIREST offspring of a fire unknown!
 Splendour immense, all-comprehending god;
 Thy blest intelligible world I'll sing,
 And celebrate the beauty it contains.
 Witness, ye shining stars, that nightly roll
 With ever-wakeful and rejoicing fires:
 Witness, thou moon, whose ever-changing orb
 Gives due perfection to material forms;
 And thou, O sun! bright ruler of the stars,
 And sacred arbiter of pious souls,
 Witness the constant tribute of my praise;
 Witness the mystic ardour of my soul.
 To thee my wings, from Hyle's dire abode
 I stretch, impatient of a speedy flight;
 That rapid to thy palace I may rise,
 And in *the good's* bright vestibule exult.
 For there the great intelligible gods,
 Like daz'ling lamps, in spheres of crystal shine;
 Ineffably announcing by their light
 Th' abode of deity's o'erflowing fount.

All-perfect father, may thy piercing eye
 Shine on my soul with sacred hymns replete,
 And rouse conceptions bright with mental fire!
 Now from the barriers of the race divine,
 Urg'd by the Muse's vivid fire, I start;
 And rapid to the goal of sacred verse,
 To gain the soul's Olympic honours, run.
 A voice divine in intellect's retreats,
 Now gently murmurs with inspiring sound.
 O blessed father, deity sublime!
 Propitious listen to my suppliant prayer,
 And haste my union with thy beauteous world:
 Thy world with ev'ry excellence endu'd,
 And with ideas omniform replete.
 There shines the sun with intellectual light,
 And ev'ry star is there a mental sun.
 Each contains all; yet sep'rate and distinct
 Particulars their proper character preserve.
 There all is truly all, immensely great,
Motion is pure, *abiding* without change;
 And ev'ry part exists a perfect whole.
 O grant my soul the lynx's piercing eye,
 That I may penetrate the depth divine
 Thy blest intelligible world contains.
 There each inhabitant, with boundless view,
 Light within light perpetually perceives;
 Nor finds in ought vacuity to check
 Th' unwearied energies of mental sight.
 But all things there with pow'r untam'd subsist,
 And each by seeing more abundant fees.

Now in my phantasy from sense refin'd,
 A lucid image of a globe appears,
 Throughout diaphanous; whose orb contains
 The sun, and stars, and ev'ry mundane form,
 And all things shine in each divinely fair.
 And while this lucid spectacle remains,
 My soul attempts to frame a brighter sphere:
 Devoid of bulk, subsisting without place,
 And from the images of matter free.
 Come then, blest parent of that sphere divine,
 Whose mental image anxious I explore;
 Come with thy own intelligible world,
 And all the gods its beauteous realms contain,
 With all things come conspiring into one:
 That thus with thee, in perfect union join'd,
 My soul may recognize thy matchless fire;
 May vig'rous rise to his occult retreats,
 And fly alone to solitary good.

*A Panegyric on the most eminent intellectual
Philosophers of Antiquity.*

IN just proportion to the solar ray,
 Tho' truth eternal gives the mental day,
 Yet of our race most ne'er behold its light,
 Fast bound in matter's cave involv'd in night,
 And but a few emerging from her den,
 Its brightest splendor can distinctly ken.
 This noble few in Greece of old were found,
 Whose names mankind with just applause resound.
 See, like some god descended from the skies,
 Pythag'ras stands the foremost of the wise;
 Celestial beauties in his person shine;
 His manners modest, and his life divine.
 See, like some oracle, by Heav'n inspir'd,
 His breast with more than mortal wisdom fir'd,
 While to his harp he sings his former fate,
 The soul's transitions, and eternal state.
 He far discovered in the realms of mind,
 And soar'd from sense with vigor unconfin'd.
 See Heraclitus quit his rightful throne,
 The various follies of mankind to moan;

Mark, how he scorns the multitude impure,
 And truths sublime describes in words obscure;
 Attentive listen to his fav'rite theme,
 That all things flow like some perpetual stream;
 And ever varying, without check or stay,
 Rise to new life, or gradually decay.
 He saw the depths of matter's dark domain,
 Stormy and whirling, like the raging main;
 Yet well the realms of intellect he knew,
 Where all is lovely, permanent, and true;
 And certain of the soul's immortal frame,
 Obscurely told her lapse, and whence she came.
 Next view Parmenides, by Heav'n inspir'd,
 And from th' ignoble multitude retir'd;
 Divinely meditate, and sing alone,
 In venerable verse the mystic one.
 Indignant from the realms of sense he flew,
 Corporeal forms receding from his view,
 Till leaving matter's regions far behind,
 His piercing sight discern'd the world of mind.
 See great Empedocles with rapture cry,
 " Farewell, a god immortal cannot die."
 In verse divine he sung the wretched fate
 Of souls imprison'd in this mortal state;
 And man he call'd, (immers'd in matter's night)
 " Heav'n's exile, straying from his orb of light."
 See Plato next in rank of wisdom stand,
 Whose godlike works unbounded praise demand;
 Who rose sublime to truth's immortal plain,
 And scorn'd dull body, and her dark domain.

To good itself he soar'd with eager flight,
 Till boundless beauty met his piercing sight.
 See him, with elegance sublime, unfold
 Whate'er was known to men divine of old;
 Yet but a few the secret sense can find,
 And wond'rous depth of his capacious mind;
 In garb poetic, studious to disguise
 The lovely form of truth from vulgar eyes.
 Next Aristotle claims our just applause,
 Who thought itself confin'd by logic laws;
 By gradual steps who teaches how to soar,
 And the bright world of intellect explore.
 To these philosophers succeed a race
 Of glorious souls, adorn'd with ev'ry grace;
 All men divine, of ancient wisdom's train,
 And justly call'd by some a golden chain.
 See, as the leader of the noble band,
 The greatly-wise and good Plotinus stand;
 Genius sublime! whilst bound in mortal ties,
 Thy soul had frequent commerce with the skies;
 And oft you loos'n'd the lethargic folds,
 By which th' indignant mind dark matter holds.
 What depth of thought, what energy is thine!
 What rays of intellect in ev'ry line!
 The more we fathom thy exalted mind,
 A stronger light, a greater depth we find.
 Thee, too, blest Porphyry, my muse shall sing,
 Since from the great Plotinus' school you spring;
 What holy thoughts thy sacred books contain!
 What stores of wisdom from thy works we gain!

Urg'd on by thee, we learn from sense to rise,
 To break its fetters, and its charms despise.
 Nor shall my muse the just applause decline,
 Due to Jamblichus, surnamed divine :
 Who pierc'd the veil, which hid in dark disguise
 Wisdom's deep mysteries from mortal eyes.
 Whose godlike soul an ample mirror seems,
 Strongly reflecting mind's unclouded beams :
 Or, like some sphere capacious, polish'd bright,
 Throughout diaphanous, and full of light.
 Great Syrianus next, O muse, refund,
 For depth and subtilty of thought renown'd.
 Genius acute ! th' exalted task was thine
 The concord to display of men divine.
 And what in fable was by them conceal'd,
 Thy piercing mind perspicuously reveal'd.
 But greatly eminent above the rest,
 Proclus, the Coryphæus, stands confest.
 Hail mighty genius ! of the human race,
 Alike the guide, the glory, and the grace :
 Whose volumes, full of genuine science, shine
 With thoughts magnificent, and truths divine.
 Whose periods, too, redundant roll along,
 Like some clear stream, majestically strong.
 While genius lives, thy num'rous works shall last,
 Alike the future wonder as the past.
 Hermæas and Olympiodorus claim
 Our rev'rence next, as men of mighty name ;
 While yet philosophy could boast a train
 Of souls ally'd to Homer's golden chain ;

The former for unfolding truth renown'd,
 The latter famous for his mind profound.
 Damascius, of a most inquiring mind,
 And accurate Simplicius last we find.
 Heroes, all hail! who left your native skies
 From Lethe's realms t' instruct us how to rise,
 And thus once more our kindred stars regain,
 And ancient seats in truth's immortal plain,
 From whence we wand'ring fell, thro' mad desire
 Of matter's regions, and allotments dire.
 Let Ign'rance proudly boast her tyrant reign,
 Her num'rous vot'ries, and her wide domain;
 Your wisdom scorn, and with barbaric hand
 Spread *dire delusion* thro' a falling land.
 By you inspir'd, the glorious task be mine
 To soar from sense, and seek a life divine;
 From phantasy, the soul's Calypso, free,
 To sail secure on life's tempestuous sea,
 Led by your doctrines, like the Pleiad's light,
 With guiding radiance streaming thro' the night;
 From mighty Neptune's overwhelming ire,
 Back to the palace of my lawful fire.

*A Translation of a Fragment of an ancient astro-
logical Greek Poet, preserved by Stobæus.*

THRO' Heav'n's bright path, with energy divine,
Seven widely wand'ring stars eternal shine.
The lovely Sun, the Moon fair lamp of night,
And Saturn sad, whom tears and woes delight.
Venus, whose arts connubial love inspire,
And boist'rous Mars the friend of discord dire.
The pow'rful Hermes deck'd with graceful wings,
And genial Jove, from whom great nature springs.
From these revolving thro' the azure round,
A mighty influence on our race is found.
Hence Saturn, Hermes, Jove, in man are seen,
The Sun, Moon, Mars, and Venus beauty's Queen.
For by the fates inviolable law,
From an ethereal spirit these we draw.
Thus sleep, tears, laughter, birth, rage, speech, desire,
These wand'ring stars in human souls inspire.
For tears are Saturn much afflicted pow'r!
Our birth is Jove, who guards the natal hour.
Fair Venus, we may call desire's alarms,
Our sleep's the moon, our rage the god of arms.

Our speech is Hermes, and with laughter gay
 Accords the nature of the god of day.
 Since thro' the splendor of the solar light,
 Our reas'ning pow'rs are ravish'd with delight,
 And the wide world conspires with gen'ral voice
 Thro' this, with mirth unceasing, to rejoice.

APPENDIX.

THE account given of my translation of Pausanias, by the authors of the *British Critic*, is so very apparently malevolent, that had I not, foreseeing their malignity, promised to expose it, I should have treated it with the most profoundly-silent contempt.

They begin with observing, that the short space of time in which I mention I was under the necessity of completing such an arduous undertaking, ought not to be admitted as an excuse for the faults of the translation. That it will not serve as an excuse with such critics as these will be readily admitted by every one who has either read any of their productions, or is personally acquainted with them; indeed,

he who is intimate with verbal critics in general will cease to wonder, unless he be a pedant himself, at any instance of unfeeling asperity, or malignant invective, which he may meet with in their writings. But though the necessity which obliged me to finish so large a work in the short space of ten months, a necessity arising from indigent circumstances, and the very small sum of sixty pounds allowed me by the bookfellers for the whole of such a laborious task, produces no emotions of pity, no philanthropic effusions, nor even any degree of impartial censure in the breasts of these literary assassins, yet I am persuaded that it will be admitted by every liberal reader as a just apology for a multitude of faults.

I may farther add in my defence, supposing the translation to be as faulty as they represent it, (for I have only carelessly glanced over their criticisms) that having devoted myself to philosophy, I am much more familiar with the phraseology of the Greek philosophers, than

of the Greek historians ; and both Mr. Porson and Mr. Beloe* would, I am persuaded, find

* How little capable this verbal critic is of translating any part of an ancient author, which is pregnant with sublime conceptions, is sufficiently evident from his translation of the first verse of the famous oracle of Apollo, given to Cræsus. (See Vol. I. of his Herodotus.) The verse in the original is this :

Οἶδα δ' ἐγὼ ψαμμου τ' ἀριθμον καὶ μέτρα θαλάσσης :

Which Mr. Beloe thus renders :

“ *I count the sands, I measure out the sea.*”

Now as this verse, literally translated, is, “ I know the number of the sands, and the measures of the seas,” nothing surely can be more infamous than Mr. Beloe's translation. For in the first place, it is by no means faithful, since Apollo does not say of himself, that he *counts* and he *measures*, but simply that he *knows*. And in the next place, his translation gives the reader no higher idea of the god, than that of a being on a level with an excise-man. It is clear, therefore, that Mr. Beloe has neither any conception of the το ἀδρον and the το μεγαλοπρεπεί, *the abundant* and *the magnificent*, which are the ge-

more difficulty in translating a Platonic book than I should in translating Æschylus or Herodotus, because grammatical skill avails but little where intellect must be principally employed ; and I have always found that such men possess but very little of mind. Indeed, it must be obvious to every man of reflection, that he who understands a subject thoroughly in any language, even if he be but moderately skilled in that language, will be much better qualified to correct the text of his author, though he may not be able to express his emendations in any tongue but his own, than the most consummate verbalist, who, from merely attending to sound, and not to sense, knows only

neral characteristics of oracular diction, nor any ideas of a divine nature, but such as are puerile in the extreme ; and yet this verbalist is both a monthly critic and a divine ! Whether the following paraphrased translation of this verse is not preferable to Mr. Beloe's version, let the impartial reader judge :

“ The sands' amount, the measures of the sea,
Tho' vast the number, are well known to me.”

how to correct words according to grammatical rules. And this shews the impertinence of verbal criticism, as it is conducted at present, and how ridiculous that man must be who makes it the sole object of his pursuit.

Conscious, therefore, that Pausanias was an author out of my track, but, at the same time, impelled by *extreme* necessity to translate his work, I considered, that in the opinion of the liberal and philosophic part of my readers I should amply compensate for any errors of my translation, by presenting them in the notes with as much mythological and theological information, derived from antient sources, as I was able. I rejoice, therefore, in the opportunity which the pressure of want afforded me of disseminating the wisdom of the Greeks by means of this translation. The prospect, indeed, of the good which might result from such information, enabled me to struggle with cheerfulness through the difficulties of embarrassed circumstances and disease, which atten-

ded me during my laborious task. Happy would it be for these critics if the prospect of benefiting mankind influenced their monthly productions.

I only add, that their invidious insinuation that I do not understand Greek, is too contemptible to merit a reply, unless they mean that my knowledge of Greek is by no means to be compared with that of Mr. Porson, because I am not, like him, unable to do any thing without accents; for I confess, that in this respect I am so far inferior to him, that I can read a philosophic Greek manuscript without accents with nearly as much facility as a book written in my native tongue.



1



